THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

1821. THE GREAT FAMILY PAPER FOR HALF A CENTURY. 1872.

Vol. LII. H. PETERSON & CO.,} No. 319 Walnut Street. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 18, 1873. TERMS} $3.00 a Year in Advance.} Single Number, 6 Cents.} No. 25.

FEEDING THE SNOW-BIRDS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MAGGIE L. SULLIVAN BURKE.

Now come to the window! I've cleared off a pane,
Despoiled a whole country in Jack Frost's domain;
I've swept away castle and mountain alike,
Field, forest and meadow, sea, river and dike.
You shiver? Ah, well, it is chilly I know,
But see the poor birds! That are feeding on snow.
We'll throw up the sash—but be car-ful, my child,
The free bird scares lightly, 'tis fleet as 'tis wild—
Now scatter these fragments, a king's feast they'll seem,
Unthought in the spell of each brown birdling's dream.

They've gone without deigning one look at our gift!
The rogues! Never fear, they will soon backward drift;
Their tactics well learned, they have scattered awhile,
To make reconnoissance, and see if we smile.
Their wings flutter hither from each bosky dell,
And mutely seek alms where the sons of men dwell;
Yet fearing—and flying—then fearing again,
Approaching, yet fleeing in fright 'neath our ken;
'Tis sad, is it not? that the good of our kind
Are judged by the deeds of the evil-inclined.

But look! here they flutter, black specks on the snow,
They've read us aright by our brows' friendly glow;
Thus lives of uprightness have ever the power
To live down the evil Sin gives for her dower.
Ah, snow-birds! ye blessed suggestions of Spring!
Be buoyant your faith, airy-light as your wing;
For safely bestowed 'neath the granary's eaves,
We've kept from the Summer the last of the sheaves,
To give you at yule-tide a share in our joy;
For snow-birds we feed you in Heaven's employ.

RAVENSWOOD;

OR,

The Raftsmen Of The Delaware.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY BURR THORNBURY.

CHAPTER VIII.

A TRIUMPH FOR THE RAFTSMEN—FAIRLY AFLOAT.

The next morning at an early hour our friends were astir. The day was bright and beautiful. New life, new gladness filled all hearts. There is a powerful sympathy existing between Nature and Man. When the former renews her youth, the latter finds in her swelling buds, her waking voices, her brightening skies and warming airs, an inspiration to be obtained from no other source. There is a sweet contagion in her example of fresh growth and hope. Her activities impart their spirit to him, and he shakes off the lethargy that may oppress him, and faces life with a new and joyous vigor.

This was the feeling that animated our friends. Philip Wayne and Frank Leighton saw the sunrise kindling among the tree-tops, and in their bosoms a fire was burning as bright, as pure as that of the morning skies. Flossa Gordon looked from the window of her humble but cheerful chamber, and as she beheld the glowing day, and breathed the sweet mountain air, a secret subtle gladness filled her breast—she rejoiced as she had not done for months before. Even the countenance of Starway lost something of its pensive sternness, and wore a look that accorded more with the brightness of the dawn.

His meeting with Flossa was a joyful one. The delight of the latter was unbounded when he told her that he would accompany her down the river, and not leave her until he saw her safe in some pleasant refuge. His presence was to her like that of a father. With Philip Wayne she was happy, but she naturally regarded him with the timidity of budding love. So the arrival of Starway was most opportune, as it placed them all at ease.

The raftsmen were busily engaged in preparing to set adrift their "flotillas" of logs. On one of the rafts a neat shelter—considerably larger than the ordinary "pent-house"—had been erected for the special accommodation of Flossa. The floor was covered with skins and furs, and the interior of the structure was cosey-looking and comfortable, as well as picturesque. Provisions were taken on board, and soon everything was ready for the embarkation. Fleta, the fawn, was to accompany the voyagers. The beautiful creature had been kindly cared for the previous night, and when morning came was early by the side of its young mistress.

Everything appeared to favor the raftsmen. The freshet that had been caused by the melting of the late-fallen snow, had reached its height during the night, and was now slightly subsiding. This was just what was to be desired, for it must be known that when a river is rising the middle of the stream is the highest and the sides when it is falling. This is sufficiently proved by the experience of the raftsmen, who, if they start before the flow is at its height, cannot keep their craft from the shore.

Flossa, after saying good-bye to good Mrs. Gore, was conducted by Philip Wayne to the "floating house" that had been prepared for her. When she beheld the apartment she gave a little cry of delight—so attractive, so unexpectedly pleasant was the place.

"And is this to be my 'home' while on the water?" she asked in pleased surprise.

"Yes," answered Philip, rejoicing that such cosey quarters could be offered her. "We have done our best to provide for your comfort."

"You are very kind," she responded gratefully. Then smiling, she said: "But I am not used to luxury, and I had better not accustom myself to it."

"Have no scruples on that score, Flossa. It is time you were more tenderly cared for, and this must answer for a beginning."

At this juncture their attention was attracted to some commotion on shore. Loud and angry voices were heard, different from the usual cheery call and shouts of the raftsmen.

"What can have occurred?" asked Flossa anxiously.

Philip looked shoreward. Near the water's edge he beheld the pet fawn, which was apparently waiting for an opportunity to join its mistress on the raft, and beyond he saw a number of the raftsmen hurrying toward each other, as if for mutual defence. The tall and striking figure of Starway was observed among them, and also the giant form of Pat McNally. The men seemed to have exchanged their axes for rifles, and were preparing to use the weapons.

Glancing beyond the group of stalwart lumbermen, Philip saw another party of men, one of whom was advancing, apparently as the spokesman of the others. That square, burly figure was recognized at once.

"There is trouble, yonder, I fear," said Philip to his companion. "Remain here, Flossa, and I will ascertain the cause of the disturbance."

"Oh," she shuddered, "there will be fighting and bloodshed. Yonder man is Irvin Gaines."

"It is indeed that villain. But be not alarmed, Flossa, no harm shall come to you. *He* shall suffer for his temerity and impudence if he makes any unjust demand of us, or attempts to prevent our peaceful departure."

"You will be very careful," she said, pleadingly, as she saw Philip was about to leave her. "He would kill you if he could. Oh, I know his wickedness—it would not be his first crime."

"I will not unnecessarily expose myself, but I must assist our friends if an attack is to be resisted."

And with these words snatching a rifle from the cabin of the raft—where several had been placed in case of an emergency; he sprang lightly ashore and soon joined his friends. A parley was being held with Gaines, who had approached within hailing distance, holding in his hands a rifle, on the end of which fluttered a white rag.

"What does the villain want?" inquired Philip, who already felt that he was making a demand for the surrender of Flossa.

"It's the gir-ril that he's askin' fur—the thafe," answered the indignant Irishman who had been replying to Gaines. "Divil a word wud I spake to him, only it's gainin' time we are, though the bloody-minded nager don't persave it. You see we weren't thinkin' of the comin' of thim chaps at all, and half of our rifles is impty. Load fast, boys, and I'll talk me gintlest to Misther Gaines till ye're riddy. It's hard houldin' though, I must say, when it's achin' I am with the full of me mad. Bones of the saints, but the fellow's cool in his impedince. Are ye through now with yer rammin'? I'm about to give him me sass. Shall I lit dhrive wid me wurst?"

A murmur of assent announced that the raftsmen had prepared themselves to deliver a volley.

Raising his voice to a higher pitch and changing its tone from its late pretended moderation, he called out—

"An' what is it ye want, Misther Gaines?"

"Want?" roared the latter, enraged at the question, for he had very plainly stated what he wanted already. "I want that gal given up to me instanter, or there'll be a bloody muss."

"Be jabers there will," returned Pat. "Come now, me swate jintleman, lay down yer gun and let's have a dacent fight. It's the biggest I am, but I've heard ye brag of yer fightin' accomplishmints many a time, though ye're ginerally been paceable like—ye chate! Come now, ye blackguard, and have done wid yer bluster. Oh, no, ye coward, ye hyppycrit," he cried as Gaines declined the challenge. "Ye know I'd put me arms into ye up to me ilbows in less then a minute, that ye do. An' if it's so prudent ye are ye betther be takin' yerself off, or ye'll go away wid a pain about ye that can't be cured. D'ye hear? lave now, or by the saints ye'll regrit it if ye are left alive to do it."

"I've a force double your own," called the villain, "and if you don't give up the gal peaceable we'll put a bullet into each of you."

"I give ye one minute to take yer dirty prisence away," cried the fiery Irishman, levelling his rifle. "Yer lyin' ye know, and if ye weren't it would be all the same. We'll defind the gir-ril while there's one lift of us."

A hearty response from the gallant raftsmen was given to these words, and Irvin Gaines saw that it would be vain to persist in his demand for the person of Flossa. If he would regain his power over her he must fight for it.

He slowly withdrew from the spot. Pat McNally was writhing with an evident desire to hasten his departure by sending a bullet after him. Starway saw that he could hardly restrain himself from this action, and desiring to avoid an affray if possible, said,

"Do not fire, Pat; let the first shot come from them."

"Well, well," said the Irishman, "that'll do I suppose—but ye've no objection to me firin' the *last*, have ye?"

"None at all," said Starway, with a smile. "I hope, however, that those fellows will depart and give us no further trouble. Their number is inferior to ours, notwithstanding the assertion of Gaines, and we can easily defend ourselves."

The raftsmen had taken a position behind a huge, scattered pile of logs, which afforded them a good protection, and at the same time enabled them to survey their adversaries through the interstices.

At this moment a shot was fired. It came from the assailing party. A sharp cry of pain was heard, though not a human cry. The raftsmen glanced to their right, where on the river shore had stood Fleta, the fawn. The innocent creature lay on the ground, writhing in the agonies of death. A simultaneous cry of indignation arose from the raftsmen. The dastardly act enraged them beyond measure.

Flossa Gordon saw her beautiful pet fall, mortally wounded, and an exclamation of horror broke from her lips. The raftsmen heard it; and it added to their wrath and indignation.

A grim look took instant possession of the face of Starway. Upon him the others looked as to their leader.

"Fire on the villains!" he cried, and a swift volley of balls hurtled in the direction of the murderous party headed by Gaines. They had taken shelter, but a cry of agony from their midst announced that at least one of the missiles had taken effect.

A sharp exchange of shots now took place irregularly. The raftsmen were not as well armed as they should have been, though the majority had brought their rifles with them, as it was the custom in those days to have that reliable weapon not far away. They advanced under cover of the lumber piles until they were quite near the place in which their enemies had taken refuge. The latter then began to retreat, necessarily somewhat exposing themselves to the shots of the indignant raftsmen. Burning with a sense of the unjustifiable attack that had been made upon them, the pursuers did not withhold their fire, but sent the avenging bullets flying toward the terrified miscreants.

Three or four of the latter fell, and the death of Fleta was amply revenged, as well as a severe lesson taught the evil-doers.

Approaching one of the fallen men, the raft-men saw it was Irvin Gaines.

"The villain!" cried Starway; "he has met with deserved punishment. He is not dead, however; we will make a prisoner of him."

The wounded man glared savagely on the men who approached him, cursing them bitterly. Upon the head of Pat McNally he hurled special anathemas.

"Be aisy," said the Irishman; "or, as me mither used to till me, if ye can't be aisy be as aisy as ye can. I wouldn't strike a man whin he's down, nor spake bitter to him thin; but ye'll just forgive me fur remindin' ye that ye said there'd be a bloody muss. It's the truth ye tould fur wunst, and that ought to comfort ye in this thryin' hour."

"There, there, Pat, let the rascal alone for the present," said Starway. "He has given us all sufficient provocation, it must be said—but retribution has overtaken him."

"That's thrue; ritribution is another name fur a bullet, I take it."

"It will be my turn yet," hissed the wounded man, who appeared to forget his pain in rage toward his enemies and mortification at his situation.

"Yis," muttered Pat, "ye'll have yer turn, niver fear—a-dancin' wid a plinty o' room fur yer feet, and a rope around yer neck to stiddy ye."

Gaines was conveyed to the scene of the opening of the skirmish, where a consultation was held as to the disposition to be made of him. Lynch law was suggested by some with a plainness that was very uncomfortable to the prisoner.

But this stern proposition was quickly voted down. It would never do to hang a disabled man. It was finally determined to convey him down the river and surrender him to the proper authorities. He was doubtless, they thought a confederate of the notorious and dreaded River Rick, and might perhaps be induced to turn State's evidence against the outlaws.

Philip Wayne was especially anxious that Gaines should be held a prisoner, for he hoped to gain from him the truth respecting the parentage of Flossa Gordon.

Previous to binding the prisoner and placing him on a raft—in charge of Lawton he was thus to be taken down the river—it was suggested by one of the raftsmen that he be searched.

This was done, and on his person were found a number of papers that indicated that he held secret and perhaps illegal correspondence with parties further down the Delaware. Gaines protested against this examination of his papers, but his captors were determined to obtain all possible evidence against him.

Only one of the letters found in his possession could be read with any degree of coherence. The others were worded with a caution and ambiguity that precluded the possibility of obtaining any valuable information from them. They might be fair business notes—some of them—or they might be of an entirely different character.

The exceptional paper mentioned unmistakably referred to Flossa. It was eagerly scanned by Starway and Philip Wayne, and read as follows:

"The girl, you inform me, is alive, well, and developing into attractive womanhood. It would give me much more pleasure to learn that she is placed beyond the possibility of ever troubling me. Some unlucky chance may throw her in my way, and then woe to her. Can you not manage to get her forever off your hands? For proof that she is thus disposed of I will pay you liberally."

The note was without date or signature. Notwithstanding its murderous meaning, it was written in a hand evidently feminine, though disguised. A woman was certainly the author of that brief communication, a tigress-woman, hard and cruel.

"Here is a clue to the mystery of Flora's abduction," cried Philip Wayne, delighted. "If confession cannot be forced from your lips, Irvin Gaines, we will yet collect sufficient evidence to prove who she is."

"She is my niece," said the pretended uncle of Flossa. His manner was sullen and dogged, and Philip saw that nothing was to be gained from him at present. The young man was anxious to return to the fair girl, who, from the security of her position on the raft, had witnessed the fight until the retreat of her enemies had commenced.

With horror she had seen her faithful Fleta slain, and her anxiety and alarm began to subside only with the re-appearance of her defenders.

Starway, Frank Leighton, and Philip Wayne soon joined her on the raft.

"We have had a severe encounter with Gaines and his party," said the former to the agitated girl. "Fortunately no loss has resulted to ourselves, and we need apprehend no further molestation. Poor child! you have been sadly frightened, but this is the last of your alarms, I trust."

"I was terrified," she answered, "but not so much on my own account as that of my defenders."

"Pardon me, Flossa," said Philip Wayne, "for my desertion of you. I should not have left you alone; but I knew you were safe, and, acting on the impulse, I joined those on shore."

"I surely should have had courage to remain alone while others were risking life in my defense," she said, gratefully.

"But the death of your innocent pet must have been a terrible blow to you. It was an act of wanton cruelty—a most dastardly deed."

"It was, that is true," she replied with tears. "Poor Fleta! how could their malice be directed against you?"

"Forget the cruel deed if you can, Flossa," spoke Philip, tenderly. "I will give directions for the decent interment of the dead fawn, and then we will leave the scene of these sad events. How I rejoice that I can direct you to a haven of peace and security! You are glad, Flossa, are you not, that you are to leave this place forever?"

"Oh, yes," she murmured in confused delight that was almost painful. Existence at that moment seemed to her like a bewildering dream. The memory of her simple and lonely, but happy childhood was fading from her mind. Her forest life—reaching from an uncertain period of infantile enjoyment to the time when she first felt the shadow of wrong about her—was no more to her a reality. The succession of startling events in the last few days had bewildered and dazed her. She was like one coming from seclusion and silence to the busy stir of life—from twilight to full moon. Sweet hermitess of the hills, what did she know of the world beyond? Whither was she going? The past to her had become an unreality, the present was confusion, and the future was a dim and shadowy possibility.

These, for the moment, as we have said, were Flossa's feelings. Then she awoke from the trance-like state in which she appeared to be, and the strong, clear, joyous sense of existence that she had experienced when she looked from her chamber window that morning, returned to her.

A new light rested upon her fair features, and the brightness of her countenance was observed by all present.

Perhaps it was the words of Philip Wayne that caused this change, for after her response to his last question he had whispered,

"And you trust us, Flossa? trust us wholly? for as Heaven is true we will be true to you."

The glad, though tearful look she gave him, was sufficient answer.

"In a few moments we shall be moving from this scene," he said. "See! the raftsmen are already cutting loose. Retire, now, Flossa, and we will shortly join you."

She was conducted to the "pent-house," awaiting there the swinging off of the raft.

One matter yet troubled her. She knew that her pretended uncle was a prisoner in the hands of the raftsmen. What was to be done with him? She desired never to see him again, and expressed to Philip her wish not to meet him.

"You shall not be disturbed by a sight of the wicked man," he said. "He has already been sent forward in charge of our friend, the constable, and will give us no trouble. May you never behold his unwelcome person again."

"And his allies and confederates?" she asked; "what steps are to be taken concerning them? Will they not in revenge for their defeat make future attacks upon the raftsmen, burning their lumber, and perhaps destroying their homes?"

"It is thought not. The villains have been severely punished, and with the loss of one of their leaders no immediate assault is feared. A strong force of the raftsmen will, however, remain in this vicinity to protect their interests, and Starway has just spoken of the arrival of a large party of choppers from below."

"I am glad of that. I would not have these gallant fellows suffer on my account, either in person or by the destruction of their property."

"They would thank you for your consideration, Flossa, yet they are most loyal to you, and are ready to risk any danger for your sake."

"They are as kind as they are brave."

"Among the warmest of your defenders is that rollicking disciple of St. Patrick—McNally. Fortunately we are to have him on our raft. He will be merry company. But, see! we are moving. Say good-bye to yonder shore, Flossa, but let no tears mingle with your farewell. You are going to a new life, even as we are this moment moving toward the unclouded sun!"

He pointed toward the shining East. "Take it as an omen, Flossa, an omen of good. We are leaving the shadowy shore and moving toward the light."

He spoke with glowing animation. He bent above her graceful form, looking, as he was, a very prince of strong young manhood. His bright-dark eyes shone with a lustrous light whose central beams were those of love.

His lovely companion was struck with a new sense of his manly beauty. Never had he looked so handsome before. Her eyes fell before his warm admiring gaze, for she too was unconsciously displaying new charms.

Philip, though he saw the delicate crimson mount into her cheeks, could not withdraw his fervent gaze. His heart, his soul were full. Would it be fair to speak of love in that hour?

The question was crowded down by his emotions.

They were alone—that youthful pair, beautiful as Eden's two before they fell—they were at least apart from the others, and he must speak.

He took the hand of his companion. "Flossa," he said, simply and fervently, "I love you. A new life is opening bright before you. Let me share that future with you. Promise to be my wife—my Wild Rose bride."

She blushed and trembled, her heart fluttering like an imprisoned bird.

"I am but a simple child of the forest," she said; "an untutored maiden, not worthy to mate with one so far above me."

To her the strong, confident, bright-faced youth seemed a king, while she, in her own judgment, was but a peasant girl, to whom he should not stoop.

"You are pure, beautiful and good, Flossa, fit mate for him who could love you as you should be loved, though he were patrician-born. Is it not well that we should wed when our hearts instruct us to?"

"I do not know," she murmured, in low musical tones, full of a trembling happiness and fear. "I only know—"

"That you love me, Flossa," he interrupted, rapturously. "That is enough. You shall be mine—are mine already."

And in the full, free light of day he sealed their betrothal with a kiss.

A step was heard outside, and in a moment Frank Leighton entered the cabin. He saw that he had surprised the lovers, and would have retired, but Philip—what was there to be ashamed of?—cried out:

"No, no, Frank, you need not slip away as if you thought to spare us a little confusion. Come and wish me joy. Flossa has promised to be my wife, and I'm happy as the day."

"I congratulate you both," said Frank, heartily, sparing the blushing maiden his glances, but turning his bright, laughing eyes full upon Philip. "I foresaw this sweet, inevitable end at the first. Take him, Flossa," he continued, now directly addressing her. "He will be true to you, or there is no truth."

She murmured an inarticulate reply that served only to show her happiness. Frank exchanged another word or two with her lover, and then very discreetly took his leave.

Philip and Flossa soon followed him from the cabin, caring not if their happy looks did reveal their sweet secret. Foolish would they have been had they endeavored to conceal it.

A stirring sight was presented to their vision as they gazed around. Raft after raft had been set adrift, and the river carried downward a long flotilla formed from the gathered forest trophies.

Yonder shot a huge "ark," manned by a singing and saucy crew, dodging the branches of the trees, and working their steering paddles with an ease and nonchalance which sufficiently showed the character of the class. Behind it came a clumsy craft, loaded with new-sawed plank and shining shingles, rushing with a sort of unwieldy motion through the whirling eddies, and when caught by the current again, gliding off with steadier haste.

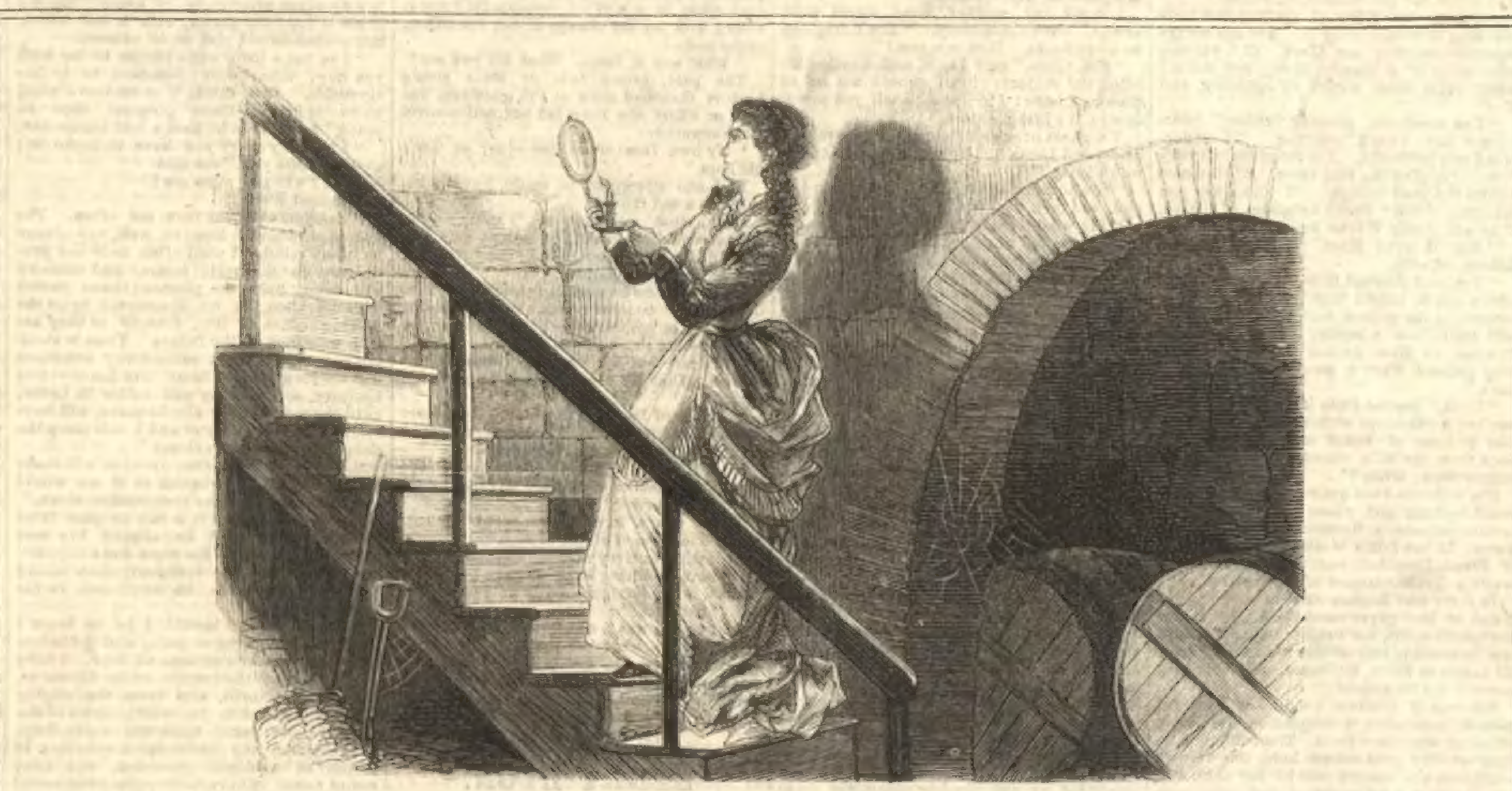
The sudden bends which the river took at the points they were now passing, put the steersmanship of the raftsmen to the test, but they proved themselves equal to the occasion.

It was exhilarating to hear the breezy call of the men, their mirthful interchange of banter and badinage, and the orders of the directing heads; to witness the swift and thrilling plunge down some watery declivity, and to gaze upon the sparkle of the sun-lit river that seemed glad to bear the rude fleets on.

Nor was music wanting to add its effect to the situation. The violin was often to be found upon the rafts, and when dangerous bends and falls were passed, it would be brought forth and skilfully touched by some practiced hand.

Pat McNally, an adept in the use of the axe, the oar and the rifle, was also a master of the violin. In his strong arm dwelt not only strength, but gentleness. His handling of the bow was exquisite, and he delighted all who listened. He loved his instrument, and never forgot to place it on board before starting on his downward trips. On this occasion he had been equally careful to secure the companionship of his beloved viol, and in due time he would produce it.

But now that our party are fairly afloat, though abundant variety and adventure await them, we must precede them, and introduce our readers to the new scenes and characters with which our story has to do.



IRENE, IN SEARCH OF A REVELATION OF THE FUTURE, DESCENDS THE CELLAR STAIRS BACKWARDS, AT MIDNIGHT.

CHAPTER IX.

RAVENSWOOD.

Many, many miles below the point where our friends took passage on the raft, lies a beautiful partly wooded and partly cultivated isle, which in the days of which we write formed the estate known as Ravenswood. At the upper portion of this tract a small stream trickles in from the main river—a mere brook, except in time of freshets and high water, when it greatly increases in size—and gradually expanding, becomes at last of one-fourth the volume of the parent stream, separating by a quiet expanse of water the island from the mainland. At the foot of this isolated tract, however, the Delaware rushes in with considerable violence to unite with the creek as it is called, forming what is known as the Rapids.

A part of this powerful current was turned aside for useful purposes, being employed to turn the wheels of a large mill, which stood on the grounds of Ravenswood, and formed a portion of the large wealth of the owner of that domaine.

The island lies nearer the Pennsylvania than the Jersey shore, and is under the jurisdiction of the former State.

Ravenswood forty years ago was a charming spot. Its fertile soil, producing luscious peaches and melons and rich harvests of grain; its wide orchards, in Autumn loaded with mellow fruit; its fisheries and mills, all contributed to the affluence of its proprietor.

The mansion house was a large and hospitable looking structure, fronting the river, between which and the buildings was spread a spacious lawn, early green in Spring, and in Summer cool and shadowy by reason of the venerable trees that waved their thick-leaved branches above it.

Winding walks ran here and there across it, leading one to most unexpected and charming places, where rustic seats invited repose, and fragrant shrubbery made delightful coverts for lovers and the romantically inclined. About the grounds, in open spaces, flamed flowers of every hue, filling at the period of their bloom, the atmosphere with a delicious odor.

A wide piazza, and above it a balcony, extended in front of the mansion, its whole length, and, hiding them in part from the sunlight, honeysuckles, woodbine, wisterias, the trumped-flowered creeper and other climbing vines made a bower of both balcony and porch. In pleasant weather no portion of the house was more resorted to than this.

In the rear lay the garden, producing under the careful cultivation it received an abundance of fine vegetables, and small fruits of every variety.

At the foot of the lawn already mentioned was a spacious boat-landing, and in the cove adjoining lay, always ready for service, quite a fleet of small craft, for the use of rowing, sailing and fishing parties.

Ravenswood was not an elegant villa, it made no pretensions to that character. It was simply a rich and romantic country-house, charming in its seclusion, unostentatious in its opulence, and in all its surroundings and appointments a most comfortable and desirable retreat.

Brighter skies, softer airs and fairer glimpses of landscape were, when the year was in its June glory, nowhere to be found. And when Autumn came and lit with colored fires the wooded heights around, the scene was transporting in its beauty.

The mistress of all these fair possessions—Ravenswood had no master—was Mrs. Emily Montgomery. She was queen-mother of the prosperous isle, and her daughter, Irene,—a young lady of twenty or thereabouts, and her only child—was heiress to the whole estate.

Mrs. Montgomery had been twice wedded and twice widowed. It was through her second husband that she obtained Ravenswood. Irene—Irene Atherly—was the child of her first.

Mrs. Montgomery was a dark-eyed, dark-haired woman, amiable-looking despite a certain hauteur, retaining in a remarkable degree the beauty of her girlhood, and seeming to gather charms rather than to lose them as she advanced in years. Of large, but graceful person, she had something of the air and bearing of an empress, though her regal manners rendered her in no degree unapproachable.

It may be thought that Ravenswood afforded only a limited sphere for the movements of one like her. But she was in a measure satisfied. She was shrewd and practical, though ambitious also, and the security, ease and solid comfort that Ravenswood gave her she did not undervalue. She was not one to repine because she could not command all she could desire, but made the most of everything, and well maintained the dignities of her position.

Her fondness for gay society she gratified by passing her winters in the not distant cities of New York and Philadelphia, to the highest circles of which she was freely admitted. She was well connected, and had no lack of fashionable friends.

In Summer she returned the hospitality she enjoyed during the Winter by inviting her favorites to Ravenswood, and the stately old mansion was often filled with gay visitors when the time came for the votaries of fashion to flit from the city.

All who were favored with invitations to Ravenswood, and who accepted—as was usually the case—agreed that a more delightful spot was to them unknown. It was so different from the city—from public resorts of pleasure-seekers—from villas and country-seats, too often tawdry and artificial—different in fact from any other place. It was Ravenswood, and no other spot was like it. They never enjoyed themselves so much elsewhere.

And so it came to be at last that Ravenswood acquired a reputation—well deserved, too—as affording opportunities for simple, hearty, yet refined, rural enjoyment. With the freedom of the farm-house there was united the cultured hospitality of the city.

Perhaps it was to Mrs. Montgomery herself that Ravenswood owed much of its fascination—aside from its natural attractions—for she was a most accomplished hostess. She knew just what to do to place her guests at ease, and make each feel as if charming Ravenswood was his or her own home.

It cannot be said, however, that Mrs. Montgomery was universally liked, though in person and manners she was necessarily admired. Despite her smiles, her vivacity and "courtliness"—if we may use that term in speaking of a lady—there was something dark and hidden in her nature, which the superficial observer might not detect but which could not escape the notice of one versed in reading character.

She was a woman who could do a cruel deed if necessary, and be all smiles and flattery at the time. Yet she was not deceitful, nor hypocritical, nor false. She possessed a double nature, but they harmonized with each other, and if one was deeper and less transparent than the other, that was not her fault. She was what she was, and knew herself better than did her friends.

She had her secret. Sometimes it pressed heavily upon her life, but she went steadily forward in her course, strong, daring, confident, brilliant, winning, and—we shall see in time what more she was.

At the period we introduce the reader to Ravenswood, Mrs. Montgomery was absent, not having returned from her winter round of pleasure in the city. But her daughter was there, queening it over all.

It was a rainy April evening. Irene had invited three of her young lady friends of the neighborhood to pass the day with her. They had accepted the invitation, and were now with her and would remain until the next day, as the storm that had commenced during the afternoon prevented their comfortable return. One of the men-servants of Ravenswood had crossed to the mainland and informed the respective families of the three visitors that, with parental permission, they would remain over night with Miss Atherly. This was obtained in each case, and therefore Irene would have their company longer. It suited very well indeed, for there were no other visitors on the island, and it would be lonely without them, notwithstanding the presence of the servants.

As night approaches in the country, bringing rain and wind, a sense of desolation is apt to steal over one, and cheerful company is most desirable.

It was not often that Miss Atherly was left at Ravenswood with no society but that of the dependants, for she had troops of friends and admirers.

The young ladies were in the apartment known as the sitting-room. A fire burned brightly on the open hearth, and the aspect of the place, especially as contrasted with the gloom without, was one of cheery comfort and security. The rain beat against the windows in windy sheets, the gale swept fiercely among the leafless tree-tops, and the roar of the rising river was plainly to be heard.

"This is delightful!" exclaimed pretty Annie Ashton as she turned from the window, from which she had been gazing some minutes upon the dreary scene, now fast fading into stormy indistinctness as darkness came on.

"Do you mean the tempest?" asked Clara Grey. "If so, why don't you go outside where you can get more of it, Annie?"

"I mean the sense of security one feels standing here surveying it. You are always misunderstanding me, Clara. If I express admiration of a thunder-storm, you think I would enjoy being struck by lightning, and if—"

"You need not proceed further," interrupted her friend laughing. "I understand you perfectly. It *is* charmingly dreary here. I'm glad the rain came. Edith seems a little dejected though. Of whom are you thinking, Edith? Frank Leighton, of course. If he and Philip Wayne and—"

"And Howard Ross," interposed Annie Ashton, saucily.

"Yes, and Howard Ross," repeated Clara, with a quick, bright look that indicated her interest in the person named. "And Wendell Scott,"—a meaning glance was here directed to Miss Ashton—"if these were olny present, what a good time we should have."

"Pooh," pouted little Miss Ashton. "We can enjoy ourselves without them. I *would* like to hear of Frank and Philip getting back from the hills, though. When do you expect them, Edith?"

She addressed the question to a singularly sweet-looking girl, whose fair cheeks took a lovelier crimson at the mention of her lover's name. It was Edith Williams, the betrothed of Frank Leighton, and the daughter of a wealthy Quaker farmer of the vicinity.

In form and feature she was not the inferior of her gayer companions, yet it was her gentle spirit, her bright intelligence, and the fresh simplicity of her nature that drew all hearts to Edith Williams. Her very presence was a fragrance.

She was of medium height and graceful person, possessing a complexion the purity of which was marvellous. The twining softness of her gold-brown hair, the velvety whiteness and smoothness of her skin, and the melting tenderness of her eyes were among her exterior attractions. The young Quakeress was an unusually lovely representative of her sect, famous for the purity and simplicity of its womanhood.

As she replied to the question—which was a serious one—of her friend, their young hostess, who had been absent giving some directions to the servants, re-entered the room. She listened eagerly to Edith's words, and though she made no remarks and asked no additional questions, it was evident that she was deeply interested in the subject.

She was a haughty-looking creature—this young Miss Atherly. Possessing all her mother's pride and spirit, they were less under her control. Her nature was passionate, her temper quick, her will strong, but uncurbed. She would make a warm friend if once her affections were inclined toward another, and a bitter enemy if on the contrary her ill-will were excited.

Mrs. Montgomery liked to lead and rule in her sphere—to please herself and to please others—and was indeed admirably qualified to do these things; but her daughter, though not more selfish, was less discreet. Friends she had, as we have said, friends and admirers in abundance; but it was her wild power, her wit and vivacity that drew, not the qualities of her heart. There was a spell, a charm about her, which the majority of her associates found it difficult to resist, though they often felt that she was little more than a beautiful tyranness—a brilliant self-seeker, who deserved not so much of their admiration as she received, yet in spite of themselves they usually gave it, and had Irene been a little less imperious, a little more yielding—in brief, had there been more of genuine goodness in her composition and less of passionate strength—her hold upon their hearts would have been strong indeed. As it was, her power was great, though as we have intimated, frequent indiscreet use of it weakened her influence with some.

Clara Grey and Annie Ashton admired her. Edith Williams stood somewhat in awe of her—the gentle spirit of the pure souled Quakeress could not harmonize with the impulsive and imperious nature of Irene. Yet the latter had adopted Edith as one of her favorites, and, willing or unwilling, the Quaker maiden was obliged to accept her friendship, for Irene declared that she *would* like Edith and that Edith *should* like her. And in general the two got along very well together, though Edith often felt a little uncomfortable in the presence of her impetuous admirer.

In stature Irene Atherly was tall, with a sort of swaying grace of figure peculiarly her own. Her face was oval, her complexion a light clear olive, and her hair of dusky hue, though when the sun fell on it the long curls lighted with a fading gold gleam, both beautiful and remarkable. Her eyes changed color with her moods; when she was silent and quiet—which was rarely—they were of a soft and pleasing gray; if animated, of brightening gray: and when excited they were fire itself. If her hot temper carried her quite away, they blazed like lightning across the midnight, and a dangerous light it was, too.

Such was Irene Atherly, the princess of that lovely river isle.

The storm increased in fury as the evening wore on. But the four fair inmates of Ravenswood did not heed the commotion of the elements, save occasionally to remark their violence.

They enjoyed themselves as young people, full of life and spirit, never fail to. They supped, they conversed, they read, they even romped, for that is not always considered below the dignity of young ladies—*when the gentlemen are away.* We have known a houseful of young ladies to conduct themselves quite like merry school girls; and it was fun too.

The hours wore on, until midnight was near, yet the party were in no haste to retire. There was a strange, fascinating feeling in being alone—the servants had long ago sought their beds—in that great, gloomy house at that hour of night, with a storm raging without, the river roaring, and every living creature silent.

They left the warm sitting-room, with its massive mantelpieces of solid carved oak, and went out into the kitchen.

The embers of the dying fire smouldered at the base of the wide chimney, and above them dusky flickering shadows were waving, as if an invisible hand directed them.

It was a lonelier place than the apartment they had left, but they rather enjoyed the feeling of awe and sense of mystery that stole over them.

Irene threw some light fuel on the coals, and a bright, cheery flame soon sprung up.

"Oh, you've spoiled the gloom!" cried Clara Grey. "Annie will not like it—she is so fond of the sombre."

"She has had enough of it for one night, I think," said Irene. "What shall we do next? Extinguish the fire and go to bed?"

"No, no, no!" protested the other three. "It's delightful here. We can't often spend such evenings together."

So fresh fuel was added to the flames, and it looked as if sleep was to be banished until morning.

"Do tramps and prowlers ever come on the island?" asked Annie Ashton, suddenly, as if that question had occurred to her with considerable force.

"Bless you, no! We are never troubled by them," answered Irene.

"And was there ever a ghost heard of here?"

"Everybody has heard of ghosts," replied their hostess, with a slight start. "But why do you ask that just now? *This* is not the 'Haunted Isle,' you know; that lies to the northward—Eagle Isle."

"I was thinking what a grand time it would be for the spirits to hold their bouts," said Annie, smiling a little as she noted her companions' whitening faces.

"Don't say another word about such things," cried Clara Grey. "You'll frighten us all to death. How *can* you?"

"Fie, Clara," said Annie, maliciously pursuing the subject; "you should not be so timid. Listen! I'm going to tell you something; it's just the time."

"A ghost or murder story, I'll warrant!" exclaimed Irene. "Now, Annie, don't; we won't listen."

"It's nothing of the kind. I want to tell you, and then *we'll* try."

"Try what?" asked the others.

"Let me tell my story first. A week ago ago I was at a party at my Aunt Barber's, a few miles down the river, on the Jersey side. The company stayed rather late—later than this, and between eleven and twelve we got to talking about ghosts——"

"I knew it was a dreadful ghost story," shuddered the superstitious Irene.

"About ghosts and fortune-telling," continued Annie, not heeding the interruption. "It was very interesting, I can assure you. One girl was saying how she melted lead and poured it into cold water to see what her fortune would be. It took the shape of a pair of scissors, and now that very girl is engaged to a tailor. Wasn't that remarkable?"

"Very," responded the others dryly. They had prepared themselves for something terrible, and this was rather a descent from the sublime to the ridiculous.

"Bathos!" cried Clara Grey in addition to her first response.

"Well, then, listen to this: Another visited an encampment of gypsies, and wanted to know of the old queen which of two young men—*both* of whom she dearly loved—she should marry. The witty crone told her to take the one she met first; but warned her that whichever she accepted, she would always regret she did not take the other."

The girls laughed, but were evidently disappointed at not hearing something more tragic.

"Another girl," continued Miss Ashten, "was extremely desirous of knowing what was going to happen to her—so she took a looking-glass and went down the cellar-stairs backward."

Edith Williams looked shudderingly toward the cellar door, and began to wonder if it was not wicked to talk about such things.

"At the dead of night you say?" asked Irene.

"Yes."

"Oh, how could she?"

"What did she see?"

"She saw herself riding in a fine carriage, and six months afterward she married a wealthy merchant of Philadelphia, whom she chanced to meet at a friend's."

"So it all came true?" said Annie Ashton.

"Just as I've told it."

"How strange! I wouldn't mind trying it myself."

The face of Edith Williams assumed a horrified expression as she heard this declaration. Irene was very pale, but she was evidently thrillingly interested.

"That's just what I meant," spoke Annie, "by saying when I first commenced that *we* would try. It's the very time; they say the stormier the night the truer the revelation."

She glanced at the eight-day clock in the corner, which, like a huge motionless figure, with staring face seemed solemnly surveying the scene.

"If any one wishes to make the experiment, now is her opportunity. See! it lacks but a quarter of an hour of midnight."

"I *would* like to know," said Clara Grey.

"And I," added Irene, though she trembled and appeared to be more affected than the rest.

"Had we not better retire?" whispered Edith, in an awe-struck tone. "I don't think it is right to do such things."

"There's nothing wrong about it, Edith," said Annie. "That's only a notion. The only question is, who is brave enough to attempt it. We have not a moment to spare if any one of us is going to try. Who'll go? You, Clara?"

"Must I go alone?"

"Yes, that is necessary. As you go down—going backward, remember—you must hold the candle to the front of the glass and look in. You will be sure to see something; at least nearly every one does, and it's often tried."

"I never heard of it before."

"Well, never mind; if you are going, go quickly, so that the others may have a chance."

"Oh, don't," pleaded Edith. "We are very wicked and foolish."

But the maiden was determined to know the future if a tallow-candle and a looking-glass could reveal it. Summoning up all her courage, she took the candle from the table and a small looking glass from the wall, while the others retired to the corners of the kitchen and awaited the result of her venture.

Clara softly opened the cellar door, and began her descent into the yawning depths below. It required considerable nerve to persevere in the ghostly undertaking, but she was really a brave girl, and now that she had started would not turn back. Her companions watched the gleam of the candle as it receded into the cellar, leaving only a trembling glow on the ceiling above.

In a short time she re-appeared, looking disappointed and disgusted rather than frightened.

"What did you see?" exclaimed the others as they hastened toward her, glad of her return.

"Why, my own face of course—and nothing more," she answered, a little tartly. "You have deceived me cruelly, Annie," she added in affected anger.

"It's the first failure I ever heard of. Suppose another of us tries. I'm not satisfied yet. Irene, will you go?"

Like Annie, Irene was not "satisfied," and though she would have been very loth to make the first trial, she did not hesitate now that her friend had gone and returned.

She took the looking-glass and candle, and approached the cellar-stairs. The clock struck the midnight hour just as she commenced to descend them.

"It is nearer the proper time—you were too early, Clara," whispered Annie.

Clara replied only by a muttered exclamation of contempt and incredulity. She was now a skeptic.

Irene was gone longer—much longer than her predecessor. Her lengthened absence at last aroused their apprehensions.

"We had better go and look into the cellar, had we not?" whispered Annie.

"She is only helping herself to sweetmeats," was the reply; "wait a moment longer."

They did so, but still Irene did not re-appear, and the two girls—Edith cowered behind—went forward to ascertain the cause of her delay. Just as they reached the stairs, they saw that Irene was returning, and without more than glancing toward her, they started back and waited until she came up.

The candle cast its flickering gleams over a face so changed and ghastly that the three girls started forward with a simultaneous exclamation of horror.

Irene did not seem to see them, nor hear them; at least she did not heed them. She appeared as if some dreadful vision had deprived her of the power of speech, sight and recognition.

Clara closed the cellar door—an act which was quite a relief to Edith and Annie, and the candle and looking glass being taken from Irene, she was conducted to a seat.

She sank with a sigh into it, and still did not speak. After a few moments she seemed to regain her consciousness, and her companions who had been gazing at her and at each other in a sort of remorseful horror, seeing with joy the change in her condition, exclaimed—

"What was it, Irene. What did you see?"

The pale, proud face of their young hostess blanched anew at the question, but with an effort she regained her self-control and answered—

"My own face of course—just as Clara did hers."

And she attempted to smile, but the result was a sad failure.

"Oh, that was not all," said Annie. "That would not make you look so pale."

"I did not cry out, did I? nor drop the candle, nor looking-glass?"

The questions formed an evasion, but from her tone and manner it was evident that she was really in ignorance as to whether or not she had done those things.

"No, no; but you were frightened nevertheless. What *did you* see, Irene?" persisted Clara.

The face of Irene, into which a look more like that of life was faintly coming, regained its ghastly hue, but she said bravely—

"I will tell you: I saw my own face in the glass, *but it was a dead face, floating on the surface of the river.*"

There was a long horror-filled silence. Every one seemed afraid to speak.

At last Clara Grey said—

"There's nothing in it, we have been very foolish, and got frightened as we deserved to be. That is all."

And as this was a comforting view to take of the matter, whatever the secret thoughts of each might be, the subject was left at this point, and a proposal to retire met with immediate favor. In a brief time the mansion was silent above stairs and below.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HENRY LYON.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY DAISY BURNS.

One moonlight night, the young, gallant and gay met at the Court Hall in the village of D——, to enjoy the evening with dancing. Music broke forth through the open windows and doors, while the tap, tap of feet could be heard from the street. A young lady and escort, Miss Alice Thornton and Mr. Howly, approached the hall, speaking in a low tone to each other.

"And you say," said Miss Thornton, "you know nothing about him?"

"Never saw him before in my life," replied Mr. Howly; "but he has the appearance of being a perfect gentleman, and is terribly in love with your pretty face. I have promised an introduction, but you can soon dispense with his attentions."

"Well, I suppose there is no help for it; ball-room acquaintances amount to nothing after all. Is he handsome?"

"Oh, very, and agreeable also. Sings exquisitely. The only objection is, he's a stranger. But here we are;" and stepping in, he carried her to the dressing-room, after which they entered the dancing-hall.

"We're just in time for this set. Let us keep this place. See, there comes the stranger as our *vis-a-vis*. What audacity." Miss Thornton laughed a low laugh, and raising her eyes encountered a pair of beautiful brown ones resting admiringly upon her face. A crimson blush tinged her clear brow for a moment, and turning, she addressed some remark to her companion, after which she noticed the gaze of her stranger admirer no more.

The set, being over, Mr. Howly led his companion to a seat, while he went in search of the stranger. Alice sat watching the stars twinkling, when she was aroused by Mr. Howly's voice.

"Miss Alice, allow me to present Mr. Lyon; Mr. Lyon, Miss Thornton."

Mr. Lyon took the seat offered by Mr. H., while the latter sought another partner.

"You seemed watching the stars very intently when I came up, Miss Thornton: are you a lover of astronomy?"

"Not as a science particularly. I love the stars, because they are beautiful. I was noticing a wee, little dim star by the side of this more brilliant one right above us."

"That is said to be the brighter star's sun, I believe. I have often sat on just such an evening as this, with my mother, and watched the twinkling diamonds. I believe she could tell you the name of every star in the heavens. But what say you to bidding this glittering brow of heaven adieu while we float with the music awhile. They are just beginning one of Strauss's waltzes. Will you waltz?"

She bowed, rising, and as he slipped his arm about her waist, they glided around with the other waltzers.

Miss Thornton found her new acquaintance very agreeable to all appearances, for the most of the evening was passed with him either in the dance, promenade or bay window. When the hop was over Mr. Lyon had arranged a moonlight row on the river for the next evening, and he was to escort Miss Thornton.

"What a pleasant gentleman Mr. Lyon is," remarked Miss Alice to her escort as they wended their way homeward.

"I like him, and so do all you ladies," he said.

"I don't suppose any of us can deny the soft impeachment," she replied. "Those eyes, and that moustache are enough of themselves to captivate any of us village girls."

"To-morrow night we'll hear how he sings—I'll have a guitar in the boat. He *can* sing, and if a fellow's got an accomplishment, of course he'll let the ladies know it."

The boat row the next evening was the beginning, as the young people thought, of a serious flirtation; and indeed a moonlight row on a pretty stream of water is a dangerous place for one who is "heart whole and fancy free" if they wish to remain so. A beautiful night, a calm, quiet stream, with a few love verses sung by a sweet voice, will make one fall in love whether they wish to or not.

"Well," said Madame Gossip, in the course of a few weeks, "Alice Thornton has caught the stranger sure;" and we too would, from Mr. Lyon's actions, have considered him "caught."

"Beware my daughter," Alice's father said to her one evening, as she returned from a ride with the young stranger. "Remember this young man is not only an entire stranger, but worse than all an insurance agent. You know my antipathy to them, as well as those travelling drummers."

"Yes, father, I know your prejudice, but Mr. Lyon is a very estimable young man, if he is a travelling agent."

"Where is his home," he asked.

"I—I don't know, he never mentioned his home."

"Umph! Some gambling-saloon, very likely. No account, no account; never knew a man who used so many big words and talked poetry as he does to be worth his salt, but as he leaves soon it is all right."

Alice did not mention the promise she had just made him to correspond after he left. And herein lies the mystery of many an unhappy marriage. If young ladies of now-a-days would confer with their parents more in these little "*affaires de cœur*," there would be a far less number of divorce cases in our courts, and far more happy wives and husbands moving in society.

"Well," thought Alice, "one more visit and he leaves me. The next time I see him he bids me good-bye. Will my little dream of bliss be over then? No. For I shall hear from him often, he says. Oh, Henry Lyon, you will never know how I love you! What a strange, mysterious power it is!" and a few evenings afterwards he came. She sat alone in the little parlor, with a sad heart, this golden-haired girl, as he entered.

"I've but a little while longer to be with you now, Alice dear; business is so disagreeable. Just think, I must leave when we're enjoying these pleasant days so much," he said, as he took a seat beside her.

"I am very sorry you have to leave us; we shall miss you," she said.

"We? will *you* miss me?"

"Indeed I will."

"But you will hear from me often. The little girl, whom I love so well, will always be in my mind. I shall often hear her gentle voice in my quiet hours, and memory will bring back the pleasant times passed with my Alice, as we discoursed upon the fleeting scenes of life, fraught as they are with warnings of the future. Time is stealing silently by, the stream of our existence will ere long empty itself into the ocean of Eternity, and memory will bathe in Lethe, until the world, with all its cares, will have been forgotten, and you and I will sleep the sleep that knows no waking."

"Don't speak so solemnly—you will make me cry directly; you speak as if we would meet no more until the resurrection morn."

"God forbid! but it is sad to part from those we love," and he slipped his arm around her waist, at the same time imprinting a kiss upon her forehead; then taking her little hand in his, he continued in his lover-like tone:

"Happy indeed should I be to know I am loved by a being so pure, and withal so full of the tender emotions of love. I have wandered from the tropics to the frozen regions of the North, and from the mighty cities of the East to the wild prairies of the West. Have gazed upon the vasty deep, and climbed the towering mountains in search of uncloyed pleasures, and have found none. I have dwelt upon promises of friends, upon the smiles of the fair, but all were alike delusive, and, in the general wreck, I had well nigh cast off the sheet anchor of hope, but behold! a new star arises; I am not yet left to float a wreck upon the ocean of Life, and you promise, dear one, to think often of, and love me?"

"I do."

"You know 'tis said 'Woman is fickle as the wind?'"

"Some exceptions, please. No, Henry Lyon—words cannot express how dear you are—how much I've learned to love you in our short acquaintance. Believe me, when I tell you, I never loved other than yourself, and should you prove untrue, my life would indeed be blighted, for I could never have faith in man again!"

"How glad I am to know you have such confidence in me, we will write to each other often, that will somewhat alleviate the separation; and when my business will permit, I shall come around to see you again. There—it is three o'clock, and I have but twenty minutes in which to reach the station. Be brave, little one—one loving kiss, and I must leave you," he kissed her tenderly and went out.

* * * *

Letters came weekly, long, loving letters, which were read and re-read by Alice, then carefully laid away. This was her first lover, and she had implicit faith in her idol, as all women have. Several months passed, when Alice's father having occasion to go to L——, invited his daughter to go with him. She was glad of the change, and accepted the invitation, so one bright morning they took the train for L——. After having spent a few days at the hotel, Alice concluded she would visit an old schoolmate. Donning her best walking suit, she bent her steps toward that part of the city where her friend lived. She was stepping quickly down one of the most fashionable streets, when she saw approaching a lady, gentleman and little boy, while just behind them walked a little negro drawing a child's carriage, in which lay a bundle of white lace which Alice took to be a baby. As they came nearer, Alice—to her surprise—recognized Henry Lyon.

"Oh, Henry, what a pleasant surprise! I'm so glad to see you, is this your sister?"

"I did—not mention"—he began, turning pale—"when I saw you, ahem—allow me to present my wife. Miss Thornton, Annie."

"Your wife!" and Alice trembled, while her face took the hue of death. "This little boy and baby," she continued, "are they yours?"

"They are."

"I don't see why, then, you were ashamed of your family. I judge such must have been the case, or you would have mentioned them when in our midst. Henry Lyon, what a consummate villain you are!" and with a bow she passed on.

"Henry, what does it mean?" asked pretty little Mrs. Lyon.

"Pooh—nothing; I was with a fast fellow at a ball, who would pass me off as a young beau, whether I would or not. I danced with this lady, and because I did not make my private affairs public, she terms me a consummate villain. Ha, ha, ha. Here, Annie, let us go in and see that green silk pattern you were asking for the other day. Is this the place?"

"Yes. Oh, I'm so glad you've concluded to get it for me." So they went in, purchased the silk, and Miss Thornton was spoken of no more.

Alice retraced her steps. All thoughts of schoolmates and talks of old times had flown.

"Oh!" she thought, "to be so trampled upon, and by such a villain! Wretch, how I hate you! I loved him, I loved him, and he a married man, father of those two innocent children. God forgive him, but I cannot."

Alice Thornton never married. She was one to whom love comes but once in a lifetime. She gave Henry Lyon her first love, believing him worthy. She gave him her last love, because she had faith in man no more.

The greatest gift God can bestow upon man is the pure, holy love of woman. It is as gentle as the breeze of evening, firm as the oak, and when treated rightly, ceases only when life's last gleam goes out in death.

Reader, there are more Henry Lyons than one. Now in our midst we have travelling agents of all sorts, and if you think of trusting to a stranger, remember Alice Thornton.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

☞ In inspecting mules, it is best to depend on a long range to escape.

☞ A Culp-able act—The poisoning of the family of A. Culp, in Illinois.

☞ "So dark, and yet so light," as the man said when he looked at his ton of coal.

☞ A Missouri wife is seeking her truant husband with a shot-gun and a certificate of insanity.

☞ A California Chinaman committed suicide by cramming paper up his *nose*.

☞ An inebriate Wisconsin man threw his watch into the grate and carefully placed his half-burnt segar under his pillow.

☞ Memphis has a negro preacher who announces himself as Henry Ward Beecher No. 2.

☞ The Pi-Ute Indians make bonfires of squaws who jilt their lovers.

☞ A rural lady calls Michael Angelo one of the "old mastiffs."

☞ Jackson, Tennessee, young ladies tie up their taper fingers, and when the young gentlemen callers in the evening inquire the cause, blushingly reply, "I burnt them while broiling the beefsteak this morning."

☞ A Danbury youth who could not sing or play, wanting to serenade his girl, whistled for a half hour under her window, the other evening, and when he got over the fence found about seventy-five dogs waiting to see what he wanted.

☞ A noble Red man, aged twenty-one years, has already raised five crops of real hair—the first crop gray, and the last a beautiful silken brown. We cannot tell a lie—he raised them with his little tomahawk.

☞ We are informed that the Maharajah of Cashmere, keeps a poet. We wish the Maharajah would keep several poets in this country—keep 'em quiet, we mean.—*Norristown Herald.*

☞ A convention of American dairymen will be held soon in Utica, New York. Specimens of improved chalk and patent pumps will be submitted.

☞ A wicked St. Louis paper says that whales are running their noses against the outlying capes of Rhode Island and causing earthquakes.

☞ A wife in New Albany, Indiana, made her husband a Christmas present of his store bills all receipted. That seems to have been a favorite gift with wives over the country—all but the receipt.

☞ A smart boy in one of the public schools of Cadiz, having been required to write a composition on some part of the human body, expanded as follows: "The Throat—A throat is convenient to have, especially for roosters and ministers. The former eats corn and crows with it; the latter preaches through his'n and ties it up."

☞ Some men are too sensitive for their own good. A wedding was recently broken up at Columbus City, Iowa, just because, when the clergyman asked if any one had any objections, the young lady said, "Yes—I don't want to marry him." The expectant groom got mad, and left. He said he wasn't going to marry a girl who answered conundrums intended for other folks.

☞ According to a St. Paul paper, noses, ears and fingers, which have been broken off while in a frozen and crisp condition, may be picked up in large quantities from the sidewalks of that frosty city.

☞ Mrs. Partington thinks that the grocers ought to hire a music-teacher to teach them the scales correctly.

☞ Professor Agassiz says Niagara will run dry in nineteen centuries, and the Niagara hackmen have raised their fares in consequence.

☞ A sausage weighing two tons was recently made in Manheim, Pa. The episootic had previously been extensively fatal in that quarter.

☞ Frankfort, Ky., has a minister who says he saw a rooster jump on the fence and crow after his head had been cut off.

☞ In Fall River a young lady put some molasses candy on the steps to cool. It cost her beau seventy-five cents for court-plaster, and he don't go out evenings at present.

☞ St. Louis boasts a filial youth who stole the Bibles from three churches and bought a new bonnet for his mother.

☞ It requires $88,000 worth of twine per annum to tie up the dead letters which the Postoffice Department fails to deliver.

☞ Professor Albini, of Naples, is working cures of debility by transfusing healthy lamb's blood into the veins of his patients. The latter must feel a little "sheepish" about it.

☞ Homesteads are sacrificed every day, says the Chicago Tribune, to hard drink, but probably for the first time in the history of the liquor traffic it furnishes a homestead to the family of one of its victims. This unique justice has been obtained by a woman of Iowa, who has recovered a homestead worth $1,500 from the dealer who sold her husband the rum that caused his death.

☞ The Khedive of Egypt has ordered the wedding outfit of his daughter to be made in Paris. One of the items of the order is flounces of point d'Alencon at $800 a yard, and $30,000 of other laces are to be added.

☞ Keokuk, Iowa, has a poetess only fourteen years old, who mounts her epizootical pegasus and slings poetry by the rod.

☞ "Six of one and half-a-dozen of the other," a Dutchman rendered, "half-a-dozen mit von and der order mit six."

☞ The Chinese in California burn a slip of paper, covered with cabalistic signs, as a charm, before sleeping in a strange bed.

☞ A man in Rouseville, Pennsylvania, has a hog which he handles very tenderly. It swallowed two pounds of nitro-glycerine about a fortnight ago.

☞ An Atlanta paper, speaking of three bridesmaids, says it is no idle compliment to say that they are like three Graces, their faces mirroring back the purity and softness of the skies, their eyes floating in a light of dewy tenderness, or throwing radiant flashes from the inner shrines of thought like jewel tinted sparkles caught from broken rainbows. The question is, how much of the English language was left for the bride?

☞ Some close observer, commenting on the alacrity with which workmen left their labors at the stroke of twelve, remarked, "I have seen a man who had his pick in the air knock off work and leave it there, rather than waste the time to put it down after twelve struck."

☞ A new patent railway contrivance is announced, in the shape of a switch-tender's box, so placed that if the switch tender should go to sleep in it, and neglect the switch, the coming train would run into the dormitory, and obviate any further necessity for his switching.

☞ A correspondent wrote to me, the other day, to ask whether, if the lady you take down to dinner proves sulky or stupid, it is a breach of etiquette to drop her altogether, and talk to the one on the other side of you. I fear that my answer was a little Jesuitical. I wrote that no Lady, with a large L, was ever sulky or stupid, and that no particular ceremony was usual with a Person who is not a lady.

But, to speak *seratim* (as a vestryman would say), you have no right to assume that because a lady does not talk to you she is either stupid or sulky. The chances are that you open with effete nonsense, and she takes your measure. You should begin with something pleasantly startling. If she is single, ask her why she isn't married; and if she is, ask her whom she means to marry when her present husband dies. Be original.

"THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE," ETCÆTERA.

BY EMMA NAOMI CRAWFORD.

> "What mortal his own doom may guess."
> —Byron.

"Now, George, don't be so ridiculous!" and Patty Rivers glanced half-laughingly, half-angrily down into the blue eyes raised imploringly to hers, and shook her head in a very determined manner.

You must not imagine from her looking *down* into those eyes that George was of lowly stature and Patty a fine woman, as that expression is generally understood. No; she was only enabled to do so by reason of the beautiful humility which kept her lover on his knees at her feet, in utter defiance of dew and pebbles.

"But, Patty," urged the discomfited George, as he slowly rose to a very dignified height, "you take all the poetry out of a fellow! Byron doesn't impress you any more than—"

Language apparently failed to interpret his feelings, and he maintained a dignified silence for some minutes, pulling his cherished moustache sulkily, and thinking, rather resentfully, what a very pretty picture she, his unpoetical betrothed, made, standing there in the full tide of moonlight, which shone and glimmered over her wavy brown hair and soft brown eyes. Then he thought that white muslin and pink ribbons were becoming to that style, but that, of course, was mere millinery, and then he thought himself very badly treated, and "he knew why!"

"I hope," he remarked, with a polite air of inquiry, "that your *friend*, Mr. Hollis, will soon arrive. I hear that he is going to remain all summer," and he looked keenly at the pretty face turned half away.

Patty started, and glanced up into his composed but gloomy countenance.

"Yes," she replied, after a moment's hesitation, "we expect him to-morrow. He is very nice, and rich too."

"'Very nice, and rich too,'" echoed George; "a desirable friend—very."

"Papa thinks him nearly perfection," said Patty, gayly. "But, George, don't be so cross!"

"I cross?" ejaculated that gentleman. "No, Patty. Whatever my feelings might be at finding myself treated as I have been, I have the soul, I imagine, of the Spartan Boy, and they remain hidden from careless observation! They are of no consequence to you!"

"I think your feelings must have been of consequence to me, when I denied myself the pleasure of seeing a gentleman of your attractions at my feet on the damp gravel. It must have been very uncomfortable."

George did not deign to answer, but stood digging his cane into the gravel; and, seeing that he was in what she called his "heroics," Patty turned away, and with great wisdom kept a profound silence.

Moonlight is beautiful, silence often soothing, but one is apt to turn from the contemplation of nature as seen under the beautifying rays of the one, and the impressive solemnity of the other, with a certain ill-defined resentment against them, when the object of one's young and tender affections can be seen by the former to turn her face from you, and helps to preserve the latter herself.

Patty's brown eyes gazed solemnly at the moon, until, at length, George spoke:

"It's very hard on a fellow to be obliged to come sneaking round a girl's house after dark to see her, and then see other men walking with her, and trying to cut a fellow out! It made me mad to hear you singing with Bob Sawers at Mrs. Brown's last week, and the fellow put on such an air of devotion that I could have choked him. And I must say, Patty, you looked awfully sentimental."

"I was thinking, George dear, of *you*," said Patty, slipping her little soft hand into his, "and how hard it was that papa would not consent to our marriage, and wondering if he ever would, for I will never, never marry without it."

"He never would tell me what objection he had to the idea, and I'm sure I don't know," said George, with a deep sigh. "And there's Fairy-Hill all ready for you, Patty. I even made Mrs. Turner get a kitten—though she hates them—to make it look more home-like, you know."

"And papa is so good-humored, too, and kind," said Patty. "I'm sure I never saw any one so fond of jokes and such things. He very nearly killed himself laughing this morning when Nipper ran into the parlor with his head firmly fastened in one of the butter dishes, and we had to break the dish to get it out!"

"Nipper's rather too fierce for me," remarked George; "he doesn't like me very much, I fancy."

"Hush, George! I hear papa calling me!" exclaimed Patty in a low voice of extreme terror. "I must go now, or he'll come to look for me!" and she ran quickly toward the house, while George, having watched the last flutter of her white dress through the trees, turned and walked slowly through the tall clover until he reached the highway, moaning over her father's hard-heartedness, and turning over various plans for his overthrow and defeat.

We cannot tell of what his dreams were that night, but in hers Patty saw herself the mistress of that charming abode mentioned by her lover, and, seated on the chintz-covered sofa in the drawing-room, declined with regal scorn the hand of the Shah of Persia.

* * * * *

"You are looking very mysterious, papa," said Patty, about a week afterwards, as they sat at breakfast. "What is the matter? Has anything happened?"

Mr. Rivers *did* look very mysterious, and as he handed his cup to his wife for some more cream, a triumphant smile spread slowly over his broad face.

"Do I, Patty?" he exclaimed. "Well, I should, too, for I have a secret."

"Not a guilty one, I hope, Mr. Rivers," said a dark-eyed young woman who sat beside his petted daughter, and she laughed.

"Well, there's guilt connected with it, Mrs. Hollis," said Mr. Rivers, "and I suppose, like all ladies, you would like to hear it?"

They made a very cheerful party in that large, cool dining-room. Indeed few people could persistently gloom in Mr. Rivers's society, and a gay assent from Mrs. Hollis showed him that his profound remark was as clear-sighted as original. Her husband, a delicate-looking man, with a large fortune and a most expensive taste for literary ventures of the wildest sort, smiled at Patty, who smiled back at him, and Mrs. Rivers looked anxiously at her husband.

"Well," he commenced, with a bow to Mrs. Hollis, "last night I felt very restless, couldn't sleep in fact, and so I got up and went down to the verandah to smoke a pipe. It was all very quiet, and after a time I turned to come in, when I heard Nipper, who had some way broken his chain, come dashing up to me. I thought I might as well chain him again, and so I walked down with him toward the orchard. I saw a shadow moving along by the orchard fence as I came near, and thinking of those Cochin-Chinas that were stolen last week, Patty, I crawled quietly round to the corner of the fowl-yard. Sure enough, in a few minutes I saw him coming, and the rascal had a bag under his arm, which seemed pretty full. He didn't see me, and up he came to the corner just as I let Nipper go! You should have seen him struggle, but he never gave so much as a groan! I called the dog off, and before he had time to get up, I dragged him by the collar into the yard, and not caring to rouse any one, I bundled him into the coop he took the Cochins from, and threw his bag in after him."

"The wretch!" cried Patty. "He might have murdered you! Is he there now, papa?"

"I don't think Nipper would be likely to trust him on *parole*," said her father, laughing. "I left him sitting with teeth watering with delicious anticipations before the coop."

"I propose that we go and interview the monster," said Mr. Hollis; "it will be nearly as exciting as a circus."

"Oh, yes," assented Patty, and headed by Mr. Rivers, they all rose and left the room.

As they neared the fowl-yard, a very curious sound reached their ears, and Mrs. Hollis and Patty, who were in advance, gazed toward the novel prison with some astonishment. What could it mean? It was not the voice of Nipper, nor was it the clucking of the hens? No! In fact the marvellous sound bore a strong resemblance to the dulcet strains of "*O come e gentil*," as heard from a violin, and filled with a pardonable curiosity, they opened the gate and entered.

They say that true nobility of appearance will reveal itself under the most unfavorable circumstances, but I will admit that, despite his six foot one, his broad shoulders and blue eyes, George Grey was not seen to advantage as he peered through the bars of that hen-coop at his betrothed wife!

And Nipper, a huge bull-dog with a black patch over his left eye, rose, in no way fatigued by his long vigil, the hours of which, doubtless, had been cheered with hope, and thrusting his massive head into Patty's hand, looked for the approving pat which usually rewarded his faithful efforts, but which, for once, was wanting.

Mr. Rivers *could* not resist a joke, and the consequence was that a few mornings afterwards George said to Patty:

"I meant to play that serenade under your window, Patty, but since my cooping was the cause of your father's consenting to our marriage, and I'll have plenty of time to play to *you* in the future, I'm rather glad that I had the opportunity of improving the musical tastes of your Shanghais, though there is still room for improvement!"

THE LOVE AFFAIR OF A GIRL AND BOY OF THE PERIOD.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

It was a beautiful morning in June, and Mr. Jack Thorne, who had risen rather later than usual, having been out on some wild prank the night before, had just seated himself by the open window of his chamber, and, with a letter in one hand and a cigar in the other, was trying, I suppose, to obtain a portion of that fresh air said to be necessary for every young gentleman's health. In truth, though the house in the upper chambers of which Jack slept, was situated not far from the centre of the city, and though the landscape immediately under his gaze consisted principally of a very romantic sketch of tin roofs and brick chimneys, yet off to the west he could see the bright line of the Schuylkill, and the delightful green of the rolling land beyond, and he could not help remarking that it was one of the most beautiful days he had ever seen, by Jove; having delivered himself of which quite correct opinion he carefully drew from the envelope in his hand, which was very delicately perfumed, a neatly folded bit of note-paper, also delicately perfumed, and began to read.

I am afraid you will think, my dear reader, that this young gentleman, though very pleasant and good-looking, and all that kind of thing, is just a little bit lazy; for if you could look at him as he sits there in the most luxurious attitude attainable, with that horrid cigar in his mouth, and that little piece of note-paper stuck up under his enraptured eyes, you would see that he has not yet put on his coat, nor his shoes, nor his collar, nor various other little articles of raiment such as cuffs, studs and wonderful cravat. Indeed, you would begin to think, so engrossed does he seem, that he has never had the remotest idea of attending to such trifling matters, that it is in the highest degree probable he will sit there all day in his shirt-sleeves, and that his father's firm of Thorne & Co., under which Jack holds a very responsible position, I believe, will not have a chance to work at least this one of their poor clerks to death for some time yet to come.

It was very difficult to understand, however, why the young fellow should be occupied so long over a scrap of paper on which was written not over six or eight lines at the most, and those in good plain English, not Choctaw, or Russian, or Chinese or other untranslatable tongue. For instance, what could be more easy to read and to comprehend than this:—

"RIVERSIDE, June 24, 18—

"Dear Jack (here our young friend had grinned in a really insane manner, as if there had been something very amusing written.) Won't you *please* come up *to-morrow evening*. I'm going to invite a few girls and young gentlemen from the city to spend the evening and have a little *dance*. Don't intend to send *you* any more formal invitation than *this*, we've known each other *so long* you know. Isn't the weather *awful* hot, Jack?

"Truly your friend,
"FANNY WILLOWBY.

"P. S.—That was *such* a funny joke of yours about Len Westend, you *naughty*, wicked boy. F. W."

At which seemingly severe reproof Jack had smiled again, and looked so preposterously happy that I know you, kind reader though you are, would have been strongly tempted to poke him up with a long pole, if you had been anywhere around.

Yes, the letter was all very simple, Miss Fanny Willowby, a young lady friend of Jack, of course, whose papa had a fine country-seat some miles up the Delaware, wishing to have a few young ladies and gentlemen at the house of said respected papa on the evening of June 25th, had sent, among others, an invitation to her friend, Mr. Jack Thorne. The only thing at all curious about the epistle, and a thing at which a stickler for etiquette might perhaps grumble a little was, that Miss Fanny addressed our young friend by his first name, as dear Jack, and moreover wrote the invitation in an informal and confidential way which might lead one to suppose she had had some slight correspondence with him previously to the date of June 24, in which supposition one would probably have been correct. Now as there was no such thing as an engagement existing between the two young people, we presume Miss Fanny's mamma, had she known of it, would immediately have put a stop to this little amusement. But Miss Fanny herself was a foolish young girl of eighteen, and as Jack (who, by the way, was only a year older) had visited her in the city hundreds of times, and knew papa and mamma almost as well as he did his own father and mother, she very naturally could not see the least harm in writing to him once in awhile (generally three times a week,) particularly as he was so nice, and had begged her so hard to do it, and consequently she never took the trouble to tell any member of the family a word about it. And I don't know, after all, that it was such a very wicked omission.

Jack didn't look, as he sat there, as if he thought that it was; for no doubt he knew all about the matter, the young rascal. But how could anything that Miss Fanny did be wrong? "Dear little girl," he said to himself in a reflective way, after reading the letter—as I have mentioned—about a dozen times; "she is what I call a beauty," and then he actually took his cigar out of his mouth and kissed the delicate, girlish signature, looking around for the first time to see that no one was in the room. Then he threw his cigar out of the window, and folded up the letter, and finding, on attempting in an absent way to poke the epistle into the breast pocket of his coat, that he had not yet put upon him that very necessary article of clothing, he was reminded that it was high time to finish his toilet and go down to breakfast. So having put on the whitest collar he could find in the drawer, and tied his scarf (which he had purchased at Winston's, on Chestnut, the day before,) in the most stylish knot out, and having arrayed himself with great complacency, for he was somewhat of a dandy, in the most delightful and fashionable summer suit his tailor had ever constructed, our young friend descended into the breakfast room. There he made quite a liberal repast, enlivened, as was his habit, with a variety of brilliant remarks to his sister upon the inferior and frivolous nature of the female sex, from the tenor of which he evidently meant to make the company understand that he was utterly *blasé* and disgusted with the world and its vanities. Which assumption of sad experience is a very common complaint with young men just going out of their teens, and has to be borne with by their friends and relatives in the same spirit as is the measles or chicken-pox, or any other disorder incident to childhood and youth. If this theory is not correct, I really am at a loss for the reason why Jack, upon concluding his breakfast and his remarks, immediately turned to the morning paper to find out what afternoon trains stopped near the palatial country seat of B. H. Willowby, Esq., whom he well knew to have a light and frivolous daughter. However, I will not speculate.

Jack, having in the course of time, finished his paper, went out into the street, and sauntered leisurely down toward the vicinity of Second and Chestnut, where the firm of Thorne & Co. was undoubtedly going to destruction because of the non-arrival of this enterprising young man.

It was somewhere before eight o'clock on the evening of the same day which Jack had praised as being so peculiarly fine, and upon which he had received the little epistle whose contents had given him so much pleasure. The long summer twilight was beginning to make dusky the chambers of the Willowby mansion, and Miss Fanny Willowby, whom you will doubtless remember as the author of Jack's letter of invitation, had found it necessary to light the candles in her dressing-room, particularly those nearest the mirror, in order to finish her toilet with the same scrupulous care she had bestowed upon it throughout. A few of the young gentlemen, or rather boys, for they were all under twenty, had already arrived from the city, as Fanny found out very easily, for they were quartered in the room immediately next to her own, and she could hear at intervals the sound of various articles dropping on the floor, and loud, uncivilized guffaws, which showed that these beings were engaged in decorating their persons, and were at the same time enjoying themselves in the careless and jovial manner peculiar to youth when alone.

But these uncouth noises did not seem to disturb the young lady before the mirror in the least. On the contrary, she smiled very perceptibly at each demonstration the hottentots gave way to, and went on arranging her hair in the most perfect good humor.

What beautiful hair it was! and with what a rare, almost wonderful taste were the yellow braids drawn back and up, and twisted about the delicate, shapely head. Pale yellow, Northern hair; I might call it flaxen, but that the word has come to be distasteful to me from its association with insipidity and doll-babyishness. Such hair as shines among the valleys of Sweden and in the pleasant German lands, and which we see sometimes lightening the foreheads of our own fair girls as it did those of far back ancestral beauties by the Northern seas. Ah me, the sight of it was enough to turn any one's head; and so it was no wonder that our friend Jack, when alone in his chamber, or upon an evening walk, for he never talked much about the subjects nearest his heart when in company (young fellows differ in that respect), and disliked to have people prying into and speculating upon his feelings, often maundered on crazily about Hebe, and Helen of Troy, and Cleopatra in her youth, and numerous other fair dames and damsels famous in history and mythology, some of whom, by the way, were said to have had locks as black as the raven's wing; but then, Jack, when he had a fit of this kind on, never thought of noticing such slight points of dissimilarity between said beauties and his own beloved.

As it isn't in the least probable that Jack ever saw Cleopatra in her youth or Helen of Troy either, I don't know that his assertion of kindred charms can be relied upon as entirely correct, but if you, my dear reader, will look at Miss Fanny Willowby now, as she sits by her chamber window, having completed her toilet, gazing out upon the large summer moon just lifting itself from the horizon, you will acknowledge quickly enough, particularly if you are a young fellow yourself, that Jack was not far wrong in supposing there are as fair women in America to-day as ever woke the heart of Greece to war or sailed the languid Nile with Antony. The bright hair folded back upon the head, the sweet, high-bred, ay, truly beautiful face uplifted to the summer sky, the clear eyes which for some reason are warm with a dreaminess and passion to-night, the delicately moulded throat, the arm whose white outline you can see gleaming like marble through the gauze which envelopes it, the shapely, aristocratic hand, and the full and almost voluptuous sweep of the body and lower limbs, seen in the sitting attitude where the flowing gown is drawn against some royal curve; all these "points," for they are nothing else, dear reader, I mention simply as helps to the imagination which knows by instinct what I would strive to tell; but I cannot make you see and feel, if you have never seen and felt it, that wondrous, incomprehensible, almost divine beauty which a girl has when she is just deepening and ripening into womanhood, that beauty which is like nothing else on earth, and which shines upon the heart of a young man like a supernatural light, letting him see, if but for once in his life, the Heaven which it is possible for a soul to possess.

Slowly the moon lifted itself into the cloudless sky, growing whiter as it rose, and although the time had about come for Miss Fanny to descend into the lighted rooms below, she still sat there by the window as foolish young girls will sit, with something of a smile on her lips now, and looking up—up—at what, the moon? I'm sure I don't know, girls are such incomprehensible creatures, but it seemed very probable, for even while she was gazing steadfastly at him her lips opened a little, and she said lowly, "Dear old fellow, how nice he is," and then one bright tear started out in the moonlight, and she laid her forehead down upon her hands, and no doubt blushed at her own forwardness in paying the old luminary such a compliment right before his face, though she need not have been ashamed of it, for the ancient beau deserved all her good feeling toward him, having been behaving in an unusually polite and brilliant manner ever since he had risen at a quarter after seven o'clock. Besides the compliment was not entirely pleasant to him, for I suppose no gentleman of fashion, even if he be as venerable as the moon, enjoys being reminded of that fact, no, not if he is called "dear" immediately before, and "nice" immediately afterward; though I actually believe if young Jack Thorne had been around, he would almost have gone into ecstacies at being called a dear "old" fellow, some youths are so conceited they can construe anything into a compliment.

However, it will be much more interesting to cease these comments and go back to Miss Fanny, who, becoming suddenly aware that it was getting late, had risen from her seat by the window, and was walking across her chamber toward the partition which separated that room from the one occupied, as I have said, by the young gentlemen, when, as she approached nearer to it, she heard the fragments of a voice which was evidently expressing the opinion that "Fanny Wil— jolly girl—Jack —— pretty far gone, by Jove," which opinion seemed to excite the company to much joviality, and was followed by other decidedly impertinent remarks, such as "I say, Jack, when is the ceremony (ha-ha) to come off?" "What's the price of note-paper by the ream, you old Adonis?" (Huge guffaws.)

I am sorry to say that when Miss Fanny first heard her name mentioned by the irreverent youth in the other room, she instinctively stopped to listen, as most young girls would do, the question of whether it was right or wrong never even entering her head. "I do think those boys are perfectly awful," she whispered to herself in a shocked sort of a way as the raillery and jokes continued, but she stood perfectly still and listened all the more intently.

"It seems to me you fellows can make confounded donkeys of yourselves when you try," said Jack, rather crossly. He was pretending to read an old newspaper, and had heretofore preserved a disdainful silence.

(Intense joviality, and more facetious remarks. A snicker from Leonard Westend and an explosive horse-laugh from Sam Elverson.)

Jack began to get angry in earnest.

"What the deuce is the matter with you fellows?" he broke out, rather inelegantly. "By Jove, it seems to me a fellow can't do a thing any more without having everybody interfering in his affairs. Here I pay a little attention to a young lady, and—yes, I have written to her once, I think—(a laugh,)—what of that? and every one talks as if I were over head and ears in love with her, and had proposed, and was engaged, and—and was going to marry the girl to-morrow; and—what the deuce is all this talk about, anyhow? I never said I liked the girl, did I? She's good enough; but—but—can't a fellow have a little flirtation with a girl without being in love and engaged?" and Jack began to repeat his former expostulations, and talk wildly about fellows not being able to do anything any more; and finally wound up with the assertion that the whole crowd were donkeys, anyhow; which assertion was probably true of Jack also, as he would have been the very first to perceive could he have seen the effect of his indignant harangue upon the dear creature on the other side of the partition.

Poor little girl! She didn't know exactly how she felt, nor what she thought, when she heard Jack talking in that loose way about her, and indignantly repudiating the idea of ever marrying her or anybody else; for she really did love the young fellow, and hadn't been particularly careful to hide the fact from him. To be sure, what he said had been forced out by the raillery of his companions, and in her heart she did not believe that he really meant anything of the kind, but still his behavior hurt her. If he loved her, she said to herself, hysterically, why didn't he own up, and behave like a man about it (which he probably would have done had he not been a foolish boy of nineteen;) he ought to be ashamed of himself, and she would never speak to him again; and so, feeling utterly forlorn, our sweet little Fanny put her handkerchief up to her face and was just going to break down into a real miserable cry, when she heard a noise outside the door, and checked herself in time to present a tolerably cheerful countenance to the party of girls who had come in to carry her down stairs.

Jack didn't know what was the matter with the fair Miss Willowby that evening. When he descended the stairs, after having entirely squelched his tormentors, he found a waltz in progress, and glancing over the various couples with an air which he meant to be *blasé*, but which was very far from it, he saw Miss Fanny resting sweetly upon the arm of that aristocratic young lunatic, Mr. Leonard Westend. Mr. Westend's delicate complexion was flushed with joy as he scampered innocently through the dance, and when his fair partner smiled up at him and called him "Len," he looked so unutterably happy that Jack longed to try if a kick would not have the effect of lengthening "Len's" countenance a little.

As any such action on Jack's part, however, would have inevitably occasioned a slight disturbance in the company, he at length abandoned the thought, and relieved his vicious emotions to some degree by making sarcastic remarks upon the various persons present to a placid wall-flower who rested near by, and who laughed at his witticisms in the most good-natured manner, and said he was perfectly awful. And no doubt she really thought he was when he, the moment the music ceased, politely excused himself, and walked over to the other end of the room, where the fair Miss Fanny, surrounded as usual by a group of gentlemen, was holding her admirers in a state of rapture by a series of speeches which none could say were very wise or very brilliant.

"How dreadfully hot it is!" said the damsel, diligently fanning herself. "Don't you think so, Mr. Tidkins?"

"Y-yes," answered Mr. Tidkins, who, being a modest young gentleman, had taken very little part in the conversation, and was consequently, rather startled at being addressed by the beautiful charmer. "Oh, yes, it's *awful* hot. I—I don't think I ever felt the heat so much in my life," recovering himself and attempting to speak calmly.

"It's disgusting," said Mr. Thomas Weeks, who always expressed himself in a brief and conclusive way. He then lifted one leg over the other, and wiped his noble brow with his pockethandkerchief. "How are you, Jack?" he added, as that young gentleman sauntered up.

"Good-evening, Tom," and they shook hands. "Good-evening, Miss Fanny."

That young lady, by whose side on the sofa was seated her late partner, L. Westend, Esq., was just then very much interested in that amiable youth's statement of the height to which his thermometer had attained at noon, but with characteristic politeness she tore herself for one moment from the exciting narrative to answer, rather curtly to be sure, Jack's bow, and then of course immediately returned to her conversation with Mr. Westend.

"Did your thermometer really point that height, Len?" questioned the siren, leaning forward and laying one white arm across the other on her lap, while she gazed at the happy youth as if she had never felt so much interest in anything before.

"Yes, really," said Len, simpering.

"Isn't it awful?" said she.

"Indeed it is," said he.

Which conversation Jack thought was about the silliest he had ever heard; and perceiving by this time that Miss Fanny, for some reason or another, did not seem to yearn for his society on this particular evening, he after a few common-place words with the harmless Mr. Tidkins, deserted the circle.

"I'm not going to let any girl behave that way to me. If she doesn't want my company, all right; I'm sure I don't want hers. There are plenty of other young ladies in the room. Don't see what girls always behave so foolishly for; any fellow can see they just do it to make him jealous." With these wise and elegant remarks (entirely to himself of course) Jack strolled across the room, and went back to the wall flower. And wonderful to say, he danced that evening three dances with the gentle plant, besides a galop with Miss Lucinda Evans, who was so plump it almost broke his arm to swing her round, and a quadrille with Miss Sarah Tuppes, whom (as he had stated confidentially to a chum that afternoon) he detested worse than dried apple-pies, so determined was our young friend to show his utter indifference as to whether he was in the society of Miss Fanny Willowby or any one of the other dozen girls present upon this festive occasion.

The dance with Miss Tuppes, however, (the dried-apple pie girl), was rather too much for even the staunch bravery of Mr. Jack Thorne, and so, having deposited that damsel upon a sofa, he at last bowed himself off, and in a slightly dejected mood wandered out upon the large piazza, and from there on into the spacious grounds surrounding the house. The moon, which our darling Miss Fanny had watched with such a beautiful abstraction of countenance early in the evening, had now risen well up into the heavens, and was throwing a perfect flood of its wonderful white light over the grounds, giving an unreal appearance to the trees and the fountains and the terraces, making it seem indeed, as has been said before and as Jack said now, as if the garden were an enchanted one, as if he had suddenly stepped into a sleeping fairy land or a garden such as we read of in the Arabian Nights; and he was just thinking to himself these things (for Jack was rather poetical) when he saw sitting on a rustic seat a little distance in front of him, and just aside from the path in which he was strolling, the figure of a girl. She was leaning forward, with her face buried in her hands, and a thrill of joy flew through the young man as he recognized instantly the bright hair and beautiful form of Miss Fanny Willowby.

All alone together, in the moonlight, in the enchanted garden, in the dreamland of this summer night, Jack felt his love surging up in his heart in a passionate way he had never known before. He forgot entirely the evening's little misunderstanding. He would give all the world to touch but this once her beautiful face with his, to hold her to him, to feel her heart beat against his own. He walked up and stood beside her; she was sobbing in a suppressed way.

"Miss Fanny, what is the matter; can I do anything for you?"

She lifted up her face with a slight cry, then rose hurriedly to her feet.

"Oh, it's you, Jack, is it," she said. "How you frightened me. I was so hot and tired I came out here to rest, and almost fell asleep. I ought to go in now."

She drew her light shawl about her. Jack could see that the dear eyes were wet.

"Don't go in yet, Fanny, please don't. I want to say something to you."

The tear-wet eyes looked up at his face for an instant, then fell, and the sensitive lips quivered a little.

"Oh, my darling, my beautiful!" cried Jack; and with a quick step he was close beside her, and his arms were round about her, and he was holding her dear form close against his breast. "Oh, Fanny, I've always loved you, and I know you like me a little, don't you? Dear little girl, my own ever after this;" and he laid his face down upon the beautiful hair and kissed it passionately. And Fanny, trembling all over with excitement and intense joy, and crying softly to herself, murmured hysterically:

"Yes, Ja-ack, I do-o like you a l-ittle," and continued to sob and tremble, while Jack felt her heart beat wilder than ever against his own.

For three or four minutes, I suppose, these two young people stood there together beneath the wonderful moonlight, and the scene was like a dream of Venetian gardens, where the masquers meet and part beside softly-dripping fountains, or a vision of the passionate land of Spain, and here, if you will, was the Lady Leonora and her troubadour, and the sweet and tender music of Verdi's opera was in the lovers' hearts if it did not find expression in their voices. Jack was murmuring all kinds of ecstatic things about his beautiful, and his own darling, and how he had loved her for years and years (which was doubtless a slight exaggeration on Jack's part, as he had only known her a year and a half;) and Miss Fanny, still trembling and crying gently, with her face hidden against Jack's broad shoulders, was returning his assertions of affection in the sweetest and most spasmodic monosyllables ever heard. And at last, when something of the tumult of their passion had subsided, Jack asked a question very softly, and a beautiful face was uplifted to him in the moonlight, and he put one hand around her yellow hair and kissed the girl with a kiss which I suppose meant more of love, and manliness, and tenderness than he had ever felt in his life before.

Whether Fanny ever told Jack of the little incident which had well nigh been the foundation of a lover's quarrel, with perhaps serious consequences, but which, as it turned out, was the indirect cause of the meeting in the beautiful garden to which they had both fled for refuge, I do not know. Perhaps on some other moonlight evening, when they sat together husband and wife, she may have divulged the secret, and the two may have laughed merrily over the foolish affair and its happy ending. But like all romancers, I will not follow these young people beyond that joyous moment of betrothal which seemed to them like the crowning moment of their lives, and which is therefore fitted to be the crowning sentiment of my story. A. P.

☞ We cannot rejoice too much that we live in a land of freedom, where virtue is rewarded, and divorces can be obtained as low as one dollar per divorce. We should get up in the middle of the night sometimes, and rejoice that we do not live in a despotic country across the water, where they charge you thirty cents for an inferior cocktail, and other necessities of life in proportion. Why even in Paris, where they are endeavoring to conduct their government on the American plan, things are extremely exorbitant. A copy of a proof of an article in the Paris Globe, of 1830, corrected in lead pencil by Adolphe Thiers, was recently sold for sixty-five francs! How different in this favored land. *Our* proofs, corrected in either lead pencil or ink, can be bought for a cent a pound. And yet some Americans go to Paris to do their shopping! —*Norristown Herald.*

☞ A Bridgeport mother has just heard from her son, who went West three years ago. She says he is in Cundurango Territory. She means Colorado.

ONE form of Catarrh begins with uneasiness of nose; the nose is obstructed by the thickened lining membrane and feels dry, a desire to pick it, bleeds a little, sores soon start, spread and get deeper, crusts form on them large and hard to get away, matter discharges, flesh is eaten and the bone decays, breath very offensive and face becomes disfigured. Terrible disease! Nothing will cure but Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery taken earnestly to correct the blood and system, locally, use Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, a healing specific, and to apply it properly, Dr. Pierce's Nasal Douche. This reaches all the diseased parts. All these sure means of cure sold together for $2 by Druggists. 605

MRS. D. LANGWORTHY, of Mystic Bridge, Conn., has a Grover & Baker Machine which she has used, constantly, for over ten years. She paid twelve cents for a thread spring to replace one lost, but with this exception, the machine has never cost anything for repairs.

DR. RADWAY'S

Sarsaparillian Resolvent,

THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.

FOR THE CURE OF ALL

CHRONIC DISEASES, SCROFULA, ULCERS,
CHRONIC RHEUMATISM, ERYSIPELAS,
KIDNEY, BLADDER, AND LIVER
COMPLAINTS, DYSPEPSIA,
AFFECTIONS OF THE LUNGS AND THROAT;
PURIFIES THE BLOOD,
RESTORING HEALTH AND VIGOR;
CLEAR SKIN AND BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION
SECURED TO ALL.

Sold by Druggists. Price $1 per Bottle.

DR. RADWAY'S

PERFECT PURGATIVE PILLS.

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, for the cure of all disorders of the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys, bladder, nervous diseases, headache, constipation, costiveness, indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, bilious fever, inflammation of the bowels, piles, and all derangements of the internal viscera. Warranted to effect a positive cure.

Price 25 cents per box. Sold by Druggists.

DR. RADWAY & CO., 32 Warren St.,
nov2-tf New York.

A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, *free of charge*. This noble remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the Rev. JOSEPH T. INMAN, Station D., New York City. oct19-1y

PROSPECTUS FOR 1873.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

BEAUTIFUL NEW PREMIUM CHROMO.

The proprietors of this "Queen of the Monthlies" call the attention of the ladies to their Magazine, as being just what a Lady's Magazine should be. Edited by a Lady, nothing but what is of the most refined and elevating character ever is admitted to its pages. Its Engravings, its Fashions, its Stories all bear evidence of the same refined and cultivated taste, which has endeared it to thousands of readers.

It will continue to publish Serials, Short Stories, Poetry, &c., from its old list of talented contributors. Among the Serials we may announce:—

THE MASTER OF GREYLANDS.
By Mrs. HENRY WOOD, author of "East Lynne," "Lady Adelaide's Trial," etc.

UNA AND HER PRINCE.
By MISS A. L. MUZZEY, author of "Una and Her Lions," etc.

A GIRL'S ROMANCE.
By DAISY VENTNOR, author of "Queen Coquette," etc.

A NOVELET.
By AMANDA M. DOUGLAS, author of "An Everyday Heroine," etc.

A NOVELET.
By Miss FANNIE HODGSON, author of "Kathleen's Love Story," "Haworth," etc. [Miss Hodgson's Novelet will run through the whole year.]

FASHIONS, FANCY WORK, ETC.

Fine Engravings of the Fashions will represent the latest styles in Dresses, Cloaks, Bonnets, Hats, Head-dresses, Fancy Work, Embroidery, &c.

BEAUTIFUL ENGRAVINGS.

The Engravings of THE LADY'S FRIEND are of a very superior character, embracing pictures of subjects which touch the sentiments and affections. These choice and elegant Engravings are a special feature of this Magazine, and should entitle it to the preference over all others.

MUSIC.

A piece of the latest and most popular Music accompanies every number. The Music is of itself worth double the price of the Magazine.

SPLENDID PREMIUMS

Sewing Machines, Plated Ware, Gold Chains, &c.

Those desiring to get up Lists of subscribers to the Lady's Friend, will be well compensated. The list of Premiums is the same as for the Post.

"LITTLE SAMUEL."

A beautiful Scriptural Chromo of the Child-Prophet Samuel, starting up from his sleep at the call of the Lord, and which has all the rich and glowing colors of a fine oil painting—will be sent to the getter-up of every club, and, under *special rates*, to every subscriber. This Chromo is copyrighted, and the regular price of it is Five Dollars. It cannot be obtained for less than that price, except in connection with "The Lady's Friend," or "The Saturday Evening Post." It is twelve by fifteen inches in size.

TERMS—With the Chromo—Always in Advance.

One copy of The Lady's Friend, and one copy of the Chromo of "Little Samuel,"	$2.50
One copy of the Lady's Friend, one of "The Saturday Evening Post," and one Chromo of "Little Samuel,"	5.00
Four copies of the Lady's Friend and four Chromos (and one Chromo gratis),	8.00
Eight copies of The Lady's Friend, and eight Chromos, (and one copy each of the Magazine and Chromo gratis, for the sender of the club),	16.00
Additional subscribers may be added to the above clubs at	2.00

☞ These clubs can be made up of THE LADY'S FRIEND and "THE SATURDAY EVENING POST" conjointly, if 50 cents is added for each number of THE POST taken.

TERMS—Without the Chromo—Always in Advance.

Without the Chromo, we will send the Magazine at the old rates. One copy for $2.00. Four copies for $6.00. Eight copies (and one gratis to the sender of the Club) for $12.00. All additional at $1.50. Copies of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST can be taken in these Clubs at $2.00 apiece, which is now THE POST'S lowest Club price. The Chromo of "Little Samuel" will be sent to the *sender* of each Club, as a special reward for his or her trouble; and to each club-subscriber for one dollar extra.

One copy of THE LADY'S FRIEND ($2.00) and one of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST ($3.00) for $4.00.

OUR STEEL ENGRAVINGS.—Any one entitled a Chromo, may take in its place, if he so desires, a copy of either of our handsome Steel Engravings, "The Sisters," "One of Life's Happy Hours," "The Song of Home at Sea," or "Washington at Mount Vernon."

☞ Those desirous of getting up a Club, or a Premium List, shall have a copy of the Magazine sent to them gratis. They would also find it advisable to remit one dollar, for which we will send a copy of the Chromo of "Little Samuel" in addition. They must state expressly, however, that they wish the Chromo for this purpose, or else it will not be furnished. If the Chromo gets seriously injured in canvassing for subscribers another will be sent to replace it.

☞ The contents of THE LADY'S FRIEND and of THE POST will always be entirely different.

☞ Subscribers in British North America must remit *twelve cents extra*, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage.

☞ Remittances should be made, if possible, in Post-office Orders, or in Drafts or Checks, *payable to our order*.

☞ Ten cents should be forwarded *in all cases*, to pay the expense of mailing the Chromo.

Address DEACON & PETERSON,
319 *Walnut Street, Philadelphia.*

Single numbers of THE LADY'S FRIEND, 20 cents.

THE
SATURDAY EVENING POST.
PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JAN. 18, 1873.

TERMS---Always in Advance.

"LITTLE SAMUEL."

A beautiful Scriptural Chromo of the Child-Prophet Samuel, starting up from his sleep at the call of the Lord, will be sent as a Premium to every single ($2.00) subscriber, who sends on ten cents to pay the expense of mailing, &c. It will also be sent to the getter-up of every Club.

RATES:

Single copy, $2.00 a year, payable in advance, not including postage, which is twenty cents a year, and payable at the office where the paper is received. Every single ($2.00) subscriber will be entitled to a copy of our Premium Chromo, "LITTLE SAMUEL," or to either of our large and beautiful Premium Steel Engravings—"The Sisters," "The Song of Home at Sea," or "Washington at Mount Vernon." [Ten cents must always be remitted to pay the expense of mailing the Chromo or Engraving.]

One copy of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST ($2.00) and One of THE LADY'S FRIEND ($2.00) for $4.00. Or, if the Premium Chromo or an Engraving is desired in addition, $5.10.

One copy of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST (with the CHROMO, or one of our STEEL ENGRAVINGS,) and a copy of "PEMBERTON; OR, ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO" (postage paid), for $4.50.

One copy of PEMBERTON (postage paid) $1.75.

TO THOSE WHO DESIRE TO GET UP CLUBS.

If you wish to get up a club for THE POST, send us your name, and we will forward you, *free of charge*, a number of specimen copies of the paper, so that, with them, you can give your neighborhood a good canvassing.

TERMS OF CLUBS. For $8.00 we will send four copies of THE POST for one year to one address, or each copy to a separate address. The person sending the Club shall be entitled to a copy of our Premium Chromo, or to either of our beautiful Premium Steel Engravings, "The Sisters," "The Song of Home at Sea," or "Washington at Mount Vernon."

For $16 we will send eight copies to one address, or each copy to a separate address. The person sending this Club shall be entitled to a copy *free*, and to a copy also of the Premium Chromo, or to either of our Premium engravings.

The senders of Clubs can afterwards add single copies at $2.00 each.

Any club-subscriber wishing the Chromo or an Engraving must remit *one dollar extra*.

The above Clubs may be composed partly of THE POST and partly of THE LADY'S FRIEND, if desired. The subscriptions to The Lady's Friend can be taken at $1.50 apiece, instead of $2.00. Thus four copies of THE POST, and four of THE LADY'S FRIEND will be sent for $14, and in the same proportion all through.

Special offers to those who wish to make up premium lists, will be found under that head.

CLUBS OR LISTS WITH CHROMO. Those desirous of getting up clubs with the Chromo, or Premium Lists, should remit one dollar, for which we will send them a copy of the Chromo. When the Club or List is forwarded, in case the Chromo has been injured in canvassing for subscribers, another will be sent to replace it.

☞ No deviation allowed from our regular terms. If less money is sent, the paper will be sent for a proportionate period.

WE WILL SEND YOU ANY NEWSPAPER OR MAGAZINE YOU WISH, IN CONNECTION WITH THE POST, AT A REDUCED PRICE—as follows: Any Paper or Magazine the regular price of which is $1.00 at 87 cts.; regular price $2.00 at $1.75; regular price $2.50 at $2.20; regular price $3.00 at $2.60; regular price $4.00 at $3.50; regular price $5.00 at $4.50.

☞ Subscribers in British North America must remit *twenty cents extra*, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage.

☞ When additions are made to clubs, the new subscriptions must begin and end at the same time as the original club.

☞ The contents of THE POST and of THE LADY'S FRIEND will always be entirely different.

☞ Remittances should be made, if possible, in Post-office Orders, or in Drafts or Checks *payable to our order*.

☞ Ten cents should be forwarded, *in all cases*, where subscribers are entitled to and wish the Chromo or an engraving, to pay the expense of mailing.

BE CAREFUL IN OPENING THE WRAPPERS OF THE CHROMO OR ENGRAVINGS. Our subscribers are enjoined to be very careful in opening the wrappers of the Chromo or Engravings when they are received lest they should injure them.

Address H. PETERSON & Co.,
No. 319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.
SINGLE COPIES 6 Cents.

Our Chromo and Engravings.

The stock of Chromos with which we began the season being exhausted, there will be a delay of a few weeks in furnishing those who are entitled to them.

The artists are now engaged in the preparation of a fresh supply, and as soon as the pictures are completed, they will be duly forwarded by mail.

Of the beautiful steel engraving, "The Sisters," we have still a fair supply. And also of "Washington at Mount Vernon," and "The Song of Home at Sea."

Our stock of "One of Life's Happy Hours" is exhausted, and we fear the plate is too much worn to take new impressions from it; such, at least, as would give satisfaction. We would advise those therefore who think of ordering copies of this last engraving, to substitute some other in its place.

Any one entitled to the Chromo, and not wishing to wait for it, can, of course, order one of our steel engravings in its place, if desirous of so doing. But we may add, for the consolation of those who conclude to wait for the Chromo, that we are promised even finer pictures in this second lot than those already received.

LETTERS FROM ZIG.

THE SNOW WEEK.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

We know as much about it as we want to. Quite, indeed. We know what it was and what it wasn't, and what it was like, and who didn't like it. Because we travelled in the cars during the length and breadth of that famous snow-week. We went from the West to the East, and back again. And when we reached again the diminutive mansion which is the central pivot about which all our earthly hopes and cares revolve, and the coal-shed doors of which we split up for kindling because it's a rented house,—when we reached once more this diminutive mansion, there was just enough of our iron will remaining to enable us to roll our eyes heavenwards, clasp our skinny hands over our starved-out-stomachs, and exclaim faintly:

"I'm dead!"

We entered one of the Atlantic and Great Western cars on Monday evening of the snow-week, and after a tearful and touching farewell to our weeping friends, (figure of speech, wholly,) we shortly left beloved black Cincinnati behind us. There was a light snow on the ground when we left, and it was cold as the open sea around the North Pole. We had a beautiful broad gauge Pullman sleeping car, with steam heaters and all the luxuries of the season. Besides that, the train stopped about half the night for us to take a good long sleep; at least I don't know what they stopped for. But wasn't it kind of 'em? The conductor said we were stopping for orders. The conductor always says that, when a passenger asks him what he is stopping for. At daylight next morning we noticed that the car-windows were rather suspiciously coated with a heavy covering of frost, rendering it utterly impossible to catch a glimpse of the outside world. But it seemed, from the time which had elapsed since we started, that we surely must be a long distance from beloved black Cincinnati. The country in its very deadest, dreariest aspect is always infinitely more beautiful to me than a city. So I scratched away the thick frost from a tiny spot on the car-window, and strained my longing eyesight to catch an infinitesimal view of the lovely winter landscape. And this is what I saw, to wit: A single tumble-down panel of worn-out fence, upon the one unbroken rail of which was inscribed, in ghostly white letters, the thrilling words:

"Chokem's Liver Regulator."

And that was every blessed thing that was visible to the naked eye. It was a magnificent landscape. And it was really consoling to the lonely traveller to know that the good people thereabouts regulated their livers.

Chokem's Liver Regulator was all the landscape we saw that whole day, till nearly dark, because, although the temperature inside the car was like a mild June day, outside it was so cold that the windows remained obstinately frozen up, impervious to mortal vision. I tell you, it was cold. Just as the short, frozen daylight faded out into darkness, the windows thawed out a little, and we saw Chautauqua Lake, directly on our left. The snow looked much deeper than when we left home, and our train was running slowly. The winter landscape was very lovely, out across the white bosom of the lake, with the dark, pine-covered hills beyond. To our eyes it looked odd enough to see the fishermen's huts built right out upon the ice on the lake. They build these tiny huts and cut holes in the ice of the lake, and live there and fish all winter. I should think they would thaw out and fall through. Meantime our train was creeping sluggishly and drearily on, like an ugly black caterpillar just before he gives up the ghost at the beginning of cold weather. We were five hours behind time. In fact, we didn't run on time at all; we ran on telegraph. We were telegraphed through from station to station. A gentleman said we were "wild-catting it" all the way through to New York. There were four trains all in a bunch together. Two trains just ahead of us were running on that mysterious time-table, which is known in cabalistic railroad engineer lingo as "Blank A;" that is, they keep ahead of the train behind them if they can, and if they can't they switch off somewhere and let the train behind go by them. Two trains were running just ahead of us in that truly safe and delightful manner, our train made the third, and the sleeping-car in which we sat was beautifully illuminated from the huge head-light of a locomotive with its nose against our rear platform. That was the locomotive of train No. 4. The situation was interesting. As we neared the habitations of the wise men of the East, the snow began to be deeper and deeper, our train moved yet more and more like an ugly, black caterpillar just giving up the ghost in cold weather, and the conductor began to be afraid he wouldn't get into New York city in time for his Christmas drink!

At last, at half-past three in the morning, a hapless, solitary sinner was set down on the platform of the station at Binghamton, New York, with the thermometer at 13° below zero. How was that for cold? But it wasn't anything for cold we found out afterward. Dozens of people were frozen to death that night. A railroad engineer and fireman, snow-bound, off the track, and out of fuel, perished in their attempts to find fire and shelter. And the next morning, with mingled emotions of thankfulness and horror, we read of the frightful railroad disaster near Corry, Pa., where twenty-eight poor souls were roasted alive. It was awful. And we had just passed through Corry a little time before. Why might it not have been our train as well as that other? They say it is silly to think such a thought as that, but who of mortal mould can help it?

Thursday morning when we waked up it was snowing. It kept on snowing in a sort of mild, insinuating way, all day. You didn't know how hard it was snowing till you went out in it. Thursday afternoon we were to start westward. It was snowing great guns by that time. Our train was to leave at half-past four o'clock in the afternoon. It left at twelve, midnight. And all that time from four o'clock till twelve we sat in the vile, miserable little chicken-coop of a station sitting-room, and chewed the cud of bitter fancies, and remembered the passage in Josh Billings which says: "Now kuss."

That Erie road is a delightful road, it is. I don't know whether all its stations are alike or not, but I know the one at Binghamton is very much alike, and that it is like a dilapidated pig-pen. And you never saw the equal of that road in your life for strict promptness and business-like punctuality. Its time-table at Binghamton has this heading: "Trains on the Erie road will leave this station *at or about* the following hours." "At or about!" Think of "at or about" for a railroad! And it's much more "about" than it is "at," too. Erie road! I fear you need a blowin' up. We sat up all night Thursday night. The snow was two feet deep. I know it was. I measured it. I slipped and fell between the car-step and the platform, at Hornellsville. All day Friday we rode in a sixteenth-class emigrant car. We had to leave off all the other cars in order to be light-weight enough to run at all. That car was very nasty. The whole floor was one sheet of horrible tobacco spittle. Our nice travelling dresses floated in it all day.

Men who use tobacco are the dirtiest creatures!

In the morning we were without any fire at all in that palace-car of ours for fully two hours, and the thermometer was below zero. Think of that, good friend, and pray for us. The brakeman kindled at his fire in a truly artistic manner. He kindled at it more or less all the forenoon. He shoveled a pile of coal into the stove. Then he took a small piece of very dirty cotton wool and saturated it with kerosene. Then he threw the cotton upon the pile of coal and set fire to it, and shut the door. The cotton burnt all up and left the coal as dead and black as ever. Then the brakeman opened the door and swore. Then he did the same thing over again, swearing a little harder each time. It's my solemn conviction that that fire was kindled at last by sheer force of hard swearing. While we sat thus shivering and freezing, and watching the stove with intense anxiety, there came in a physiologically-inclined young man with red whiskers. He deposited his cross, sickly-looking wife and spoilt, snarly, snivelling, ugly baby in a comfortable place, and then with the air of a man whom England expects to do his duty, he mounted the top of one of the seats like a hero, and with his own brave fist doubled up shoved three of the ventilators wide open. Several unventilated sinners snickered. The physiological young man with red whiskers sat calmly down, with the knowledge in his breast of a good deed well done, and began piously reading a copy of the *True Blue Ice-Water*. I suppose he was bringing his family up on physiological principles. But if that pale, feverish, waspish young one of his was one of your physiological babies,—I don't believe in 'em.

Presently we had to stop a long time for a broken rail, and were cheered by the additional good news that we had been "losing time" all day besides. All that night again we dragged drearily and hopelessly on through the snow toward Cincinnati. Near Hamilton, Ohio, we broke our driver, as a last drop in our bitter cup. After we started up again, we didn't dare stop any more, for fear we couldn't be set going again. We went whizzing on past everything, only we didn't whiz very fast. On the contrary, we whizzed uncommonly slow. We limped along like a dog with a broken leg, till just before we came into the depot at Cincinnati. There the locomotive stopped hopelessly, and refused to budge a peg further. For all I know, it is there to this day. We came in fifteen hours late. I had had but one blessed biscuit to eat from Thursday evening till Saturday noon. Fancy my feelings! It's very unlady-like to eat, I know,—but maybe I didn't attack beefsteak and potatoes when I came home. Guess not!

I am back again in beloved, dingy Cincinnati, at your service. Cincinnati black is very dear to me. It makes me homesick to be in a place where I take hold of anything and don't find it all over black. ZIG.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS HENCE.

BY GEORGE W. COOKE, LATE OF THE U. S. A.

We have been asked by an old subscriber to republish the following poem:—

Who'll throng these streets in eager haste,
One hundred years from now,
And mammon's fleeting phantoms chase
With care-worn, anxious brow?
To gain a name
For wealth or fame—
Ambition's goal,
Or honor's scroll—
Who, who will be that spell-bound throng,
Passing with hasty steps along,
One hundred years from now?

Where, O where will be the men,
One hundred years from now,
Who now the virtuous poor contemn,
With purse-proud, haughty brow?
Who give a sneer
To misery's tear—
Withhold relief
To orphan's grief—
Where, O where, will be their pride,
When rich and poor lie side by side,
One hundred years from now?

Where, where will be those forms of grace,
One hundred years from now;
Who lure us in the giddy "chase,"
And at whose shrine we bow?
The raptur'd kiss,
The dream of bliss,
The plighted vow
Of lovers now:
Where, where will be those hopes and fears,
Those lovers' smiles, and maidens' tears,
One hundred years from now?

Who'll grace our courts as judges grave,
One hundred years from now;
Nor warp the law, nor screen the knave,
When wealth and influence bow,
With bribes of gold,
And crimes untold,
Make justice sleep
And mercy weep:—
Who, who will be those jurists pure,
And bribes and sycophants abjure,
One hundred years from now?

Who'll guard our rights o'er land and sea,
One hundred years from now;
Stand to the banner of the free,
And dare confront the foe;
And never yield,
O'er flood and field,
And do no wrong—
Submit to none;
Who, who will be those patriots brave,
To guard our flag o'er land and wave,
One hundred years from now?

Where will the proud dark despots be,
One hundred years from now,
Who'd crush the germ of liberty,
And make the nations bow?
They'll be forgot—
Their names will rot,
Nor nations feel
Their iron heel;
And the fair goddess, Liberty,
Will reign o'er every land and sea,
One hundred years from now.

New York City, July, 1847.

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

DEAR POST.—On this day, the first of the year, when the clock of time seems to start its wheels anew, my thoughts revert to you. Now as you are a sober old Post, steadily set in your ways, will you kindly relieve this burdened mind of mine, and tell me why so much sin must needs celebrate the birth of a new year?

All day long have I sat by my window (a severe case of "epizooty" confines me to the house), with the cheerful fire shedding its light round and about me.

While sitting here, I have gazed and wondered, and then—wondered and gazed; and what is the result of all this human astronomy? Why merely that I am a more clearly defined lump of stupidity than ever if possible.

For the life of me I cannot decipher any of the "whys and wherefores" of so much depravity in the ushering in of one year after the death of another.

A continual stream of "fellows" have invaded the bar-room across the way, and judging from their *red noses* and *crooked steps*, a continual stream of the Devil's most reliable agent has poured down their fire-proof gullets.

Thankful am I that New Year's day comes not in Summer, for, from the actions of that rough crowd of human beings, I can even now, with closed windows, hear in fancy, the loud, coarse laugh; and, were the weather hot and sultry, I should be compelled to close the blinds and suffocate, rather than listen to those low, vulgar oaths and slurs, of which, I know, their talk must consist.

Unsightly beings they are, and yet how many of them are *creeping* on earth to-day! My thought as I look at them is, strange to say, where are the mothers, the wives or the sisters of all that motley crowd? This idea brings on another. Why am I not keeping "open house" to-day?

'Tis true my ho(a)rse disease would slightly interfere, and yet I can honestly say *it* is not the chief cause which prevents me from entertaining my friends. Ladies of America, we *must* awake to action on this subject! Let us *kill* the thief who is robbing us of our pride—noble men! How are we to do it? I will tell you. *We must all cease this practice of receiving New Year's calls.*

I do not claim that there is any harm in opening one's house to friends, and if considered best, offering them such refreshments as coffee and cake; but well do we know that there are countless numbers of women who *glory* in proffering their wines and liquors, and thus lay the stepping-stone which leads so many of our otherwise brave men down to perdition.

Again I say, let us stop this. Do it by closing our houses, and when all the ladies of the fashionable world discountenance the thing, it will soon cease to become a custom; and rich will be our reward when called before that Tribunal above, of which so few, so very few think, on this, the commencement of the year. The remedy I prescribe is a severe one; but does not the nature of the case demand such? Look well to it, American ladies, and let *our* hands in one body be the first ones reached forth in this labor of love and mission of happiness!

Each one alone is powerless, but *all* of us are mighty, if we but choose to exert our influence.

Across the street I can see a young man seated by the window. He, like myself, has kept in doors all day. Many is the page of valuable reading matter that he has stored in his mind. I feel like reaching out my hand to him, and, complimenting him on his wise way of spending the day, bidding him "God speed" in the righteous path he has chosen.

He has enjoyed his books far more, I will wager, than those hundreds in the street have their consumption of poison and idle utterances of profanity. Would that his mother might look on him to-day, and behold her son standing firm and right, among so many weak and wrong, and that, too, with all the temptations placed in bold relief before him.

She is, she must be, a happy mother to possess so honorable and upright a son. I shall send him my Posts to read, because of his good behavior to-day.

Last night I watched the going of the old year, and the coming of the new. Not as the devout, in public, ostentatious way, nor yet as the millions upon the streets, or in some low den of infamy.

Simply bowing my head, I gave myself to thought, and so the death and birth passed by. I raised my head only to hear the hum of rude, rough voices in the street, and so I have asked of you: Why is so much sin enacted to celebrate the birth of a New Year? S. E. B.

THE BIBLE:

Illustrated by Oriental Usages.

No. 30.

Khans or Eastern "Inns."

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MRS. FANNIE R. FEUDGE.

It was doubtless to just such a place as a modern *caravanserai* or *khan*, that Joseph conveyed "his espoused wife," and finding "no room for them in the inn," they took refuge in the stable. *There* the promised "Son" was received, and *there* the young mother laid her new-born babe "in a manger." So says the inspired historian; but one who has rambled over the Orient, and lived and lodged as those *must* do who visit Eastern lands, gets an idea of the birthplace of our Redeemer quite at variance with that received by the general reader. The latter thinks of the holy family as domiciled in an out-house, surrounded only by brute beasts, and unprovided with any conveniences for either sleeping or eating; while to the former come visions of homely but comfortable beds, and plain but nourishing meals, of which he has himself partaken, perhaps over and often, with the simple herdsmen and pilgrims who not unfrequently find a resting-place in *just such quarters* as furnished the first cradle to the babe of Bethlehem. Nowhere in the East is there to be found anything in the way of a *hotel* that is at all worthy of the name—not even such limited accommodations as are furnished to the travelling public by second or third class lodging-houses among us, where *beds* at least, and usually some sort of refreshments are obtainable. But in the East, when a stranger halts on his journey, either in town or country, where he has no friends or letters of introduction to procure him admission to private houses, he repairs at once to the *caravanserai* or *khan*, where he may stay as long as long as he pleases, and generally without payment. Here, however, he is provided with only *lodging* for himself and his beast, and with an abundance of *water* from a well on the premises. The rest he is expected to supply for himself; and knowing this, he goes prepared.

One of these *khans* usually presents externally the appearance of a square, formed by strong and lofty walls, with a handsome gateway affording an entrance to the interior. Passing through this, the traveller finds himself in a large, open quadrangle, surrounded on all sides by a number of distinct recesses, the back walls of which contain doors leading to the small rooms or cells that afford travellers the accommodation they require. Every apartment is thus perfectly detached, consisting of the room and the recess in front of it. In the latter the occupant finds a pleasant place to sit during the day and take his meals, and may even *sleep* there if he prefers; though, except when the weather is intensely hot, the inner room or cell is the regular dormitory. Besides these private apartments, there is usually in the centre of one or more of the sides of the quadrangle a large hall, light and airy, where the chief guests may meet for social intercourse. The floors of the recesses, rooms and halls are all raised several feet above the level of the court they surround, upon a platform or bank of earth, faced with brick. This *lower* floor is arched, and serves as a warehouse for storing merchandize and heavy baggage, which is not allowed on the upper floor. In the centre of the court is always a fountain or reservoir, supplying the traveller with the most essential of all conveniences in a warm climate, an abundance of fresh, pure water. Indeed this is the first care of every builder of great houses or cities in the East; and even the inferior *khans*, that are found on the roads and public thoroughfares all through the Turkish dominions, have always in their immediate vicinity a *well of water*, however limited the accommodations in other respects. Many caravanserais are without stables, and in such cases the cattle are disposed of in the open area, between the fountain and the recesses. Such a sight would rivet the attention of any *foreigner* who sees it for the first time, especially if in his younger days he has pondered with loving interest (and who has not?) the graphic portraiture of the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments." *Here* he lives it all over again—fiction no longer; but genuine, *bona fide* history, those gay "coats of many colors," characteristic costumes of merchant and peddler, muleteer and turbaned official, idler, pilgrim and traveller, with their contrasting features and mongrel dialects—all looking strange, grotesque and fanciful as the pages of the dear old book he dreamed over so long ago. Then the "stock"—on one side a long row of camels—poor, patient, much-enduring camels, so uncouth, yet so gentle and useful. What would the poor Bedouin do without his "ship of the desert?" Then the graceful Arab horses, beautiful as fleet! No wonder the Arab divides his affection between his steed and his wife. Asses are braying, mules biting each other's heels, dogs bark, and goats thrust themselves in every body's way, while geese and ducks flap their wings and cackle as if possessed with the very spirit of discord. The court of these caravanserais is unlike anything else in the wide world, and once seen can never be forgotten. But in the larger towns, and on routes over which there is much travel, *khans* are provided with very excellent *stables* in covered avenues that extend *behind* the ranges of apartments, or between them and the outer wall of the caravanserai; and the entrance is by a covered passage at the corners of the quadrangle. The *floor of the stable* is on a level with the court; and the floor of the *cells* being made to project into the stables, forms a sort of bench, to which the horses' heads are turned, and on which they can rest the "nose-bag" of hair cloth, from which they eat. It often happens that besides this bench, there are also in the stable, *recesses* corresponding with those front; and *these recesses or the bench furnish lodgings for the servants of the establishment;* and *occasionally for guests* when the ordinary dormitories are all full. There are probably few Oriental tourists who have not, at one time or another, been compelled, on reaching a crowded *caravanserai*, to take lodgings in these "stables," rather than remain in the open air, when the weather was either cold or inclement; and *in just such a reception-room was probably made the advent of the infant Saviour; while the bench just described formed we can scarcely doubt, the "manger" cradle of the incarnate God.* So much for the *place;* as regards *accommodations*, still-existing Oriental usages again furnish the solution as to the source whence they were obtained. In every khan there is a resident keeper, who will furnish to each traveller, on application, the key of one of the small rooms, where he gets shelter and some degree of privacy, but nothing more. Bed, food, cooking-utensils and attendance he must provide for himself, or do without them. So even a foreigner soon learns to look out for what he is likely to need, and *natives always travel with ample supplies*—not only of bed and kitchen utensils, but of provisions also, since in many sections there are no shops, and sometimes not even bread can be purchased without going a considerable distance for it. If a Persian, Arab, or Turk *travels on foot*, he takes only his tinder box and pipe, a goat skin, water bottle and drinking cup, and a lump of dates, or a package of what is known as date flour, made by exposing the ripe fruit to the heat of the sun until dry enough to be pulverized. This is food in its most condensed form, easily carried in the shoulder pack and needing no cooking, only to be moistened with a little water, and the frugal meal is all ready to be eaten. For bed and covering, he depends on the long cloak worn during the day; and accustomed as are the lower classes of Orientals, to the absence of all luxury, he deems such sleeping arrangements no hardship. But all are not quite so abstemious, and as only the *extremely poor* travel without at least *one* horse or camel, they can readily take with them the accommodations they desire. The baggage of a well-to-do Oriental traveller usually consists of a strip of carpet for sitting or kneeling on, a blanket, a thin mattress, a round, leather table, hung to the saddle bow, three or four tin or copper plates, a pair of covered cooking pots, one fitted into the other, and the inner one containing the pepper and salt box—a coffee-pot, a roaster, and a mortar, with a pouch of coffee-berries—several small leather bottles of oil and melted butter, with a larger one of water, and a brace of horn-drinking cups—tinder box and pipes, together with sundry bags of parched pulse, barley, or other grain, pressed dates, raisins, and almonds, curd-cheese, and dried goat's flesh that needs neither cooking nor condiments other than it has received in curing. Thus provided, an Oriental will travel the world over—only replenishing his stock of provisions from time to time, as they wax low, or opportunity offers to purchase. He carries no wardrobe, buying or making a new garment as an old one gives out, and is equally independent of laundresses and big trunks. Such being the invariable custom in the East, and Joseph, of course, knowing what accommodations he might expect at a public house, doubtless took with him such light bedding and cooking utensils as would secure the comfort of his little family on their excursion; while we can scarcely suppose that at *Bethlehem*, "the house of bread," he would find it difficult to obtain a supply of that necessary of life.

ONE JULY.

If frozen hearts could warm them at the fire
Of memory's fallen altars, all were well;
But scattered ashes from a funeral pyre
Are thoughts of love that has been. So it fell
That, when the fiery season was at flush,
His love found words; such words as might beguile
A thrice-wronged heart to faith. Now noon's hot hush
Is deathly, and so wan is Nature's smile,
This July morning all is light and glee,
But what are songs and sunbeams now to me?

Hot! golden bright, a boat upon a stream,
Lazily urged through shallows lily-cumbered,
That languorous liquid ripple many a dream
Brings back to me. Cool ashen shadows slumbered,
Low-passing like a sleeper's breath, beneath
The tremulous willow curtains. There we drifted
In dusk as cool as is the west wind's breath,
Save that from where the verdant roof was rifted,
One vagrant sunbeam lit, and touched his brow,
There is no glory in the sunshine now.

Does he remember one of all the words,
The fervent words, that linger in my ear?
Or, like the lavish songs of last year's birds,
Are they forgotten? Are they worth a tear,
Love-vows that, like the zephyrs, are but air
That lightly stirred, soon slumbers? Yet those eyes
Looked truth. Ah, surely things so very fair
Should not be false. That glance! the blush would rise,
His burning words—ah me! how should they fail?—
Brought roses to my cheeks. He left them pale.

Roses! Ah yes! July hath plenty yet,
But where's the bloom he begged from out my breast?
I would have dropped it down the stream; all wet
He snatched it. Well, it surely had been best
The stealthy wave had borne it from his hand,
Before it grew a burden to his heart;
For though the flowers of that sunny land
Where he is gone are fair, methinks a smart
Would prick his spirit when his hand should move
To cast it from him, as he cast my love.

July! I love it not. 'Tis very fair,
And sunny-bright and passion-warm as he;
But there's a burden on its sultry air,
A death-scent in its roses. Still I see
A boat, a dancing stream, those willows cool,
An errant beam, two star-fast-seeming eyes.
I see, I love to see them. Ah, fond fool!
Long looking for a dawn that shall not rise,
Hath tired the eyes that can no longer weep.
'Tis evening with my heart, and I would sleep.

A PROTEST.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MILTON T. ADKINS.

There! dear old Post, don't become alarmed at my determined air. It is no fault of yours—and if it was, I, for one could not find it in my heart to scold *you*.

But I must say, now and here, most earnestly and solemnly, that I *do* object to some things that happen in this world. No, I have used the wrong word. I don't object to things that "happen," for they generally happen right, if *we* will only do our part. But I do object to the things that some people *do* in the world. The one particular thing that I now object to, is this habit of *complaining*, which so many of our friends have fallen into. There now! you have it all in one word. I really can't think they mean any harm by it, but oh, my gracious stars! how many things they *can* find to complain about! One is too little, another is too large; one is too tall, another too short; one has cat eyes, another blue; one a pug-nose, another a large mouth, and so on, *ad infinitum, ad disgustum, ad swearatum.*

(Upon reflection, I'm afraid my latin is not pure, but I don't care, I'm desperate.)

Now, I'll wager a hat-full of cornhusks, that, if I chose, I could "a tale unfold" of the wrongs and misfortunes, and ills and woes, that have beset my life, that would take the starch clean out of these pretty complainers, and make them wonder that they ever had the heart to drag their petty complaints before the public. I wonder if any of them ever read Addison's Allegory, "Discontent?" If so, I wonder which one of them would be willing to "swap" off her particular grievance for that of her neighbor?

But it isn't necessary to go on at this rate. I am satisfied in my own mind that it's just a way they have. They don't mean anything by it. But dear Miss or Mrs. Zig! Don't *she* give it to 'em though? To use a little slang, don't she go for 'em? Don't she drive a nail clean home every time, and then clinch it on the other side? Bless her dear heart, how I do like the way she has of handling things and people without fear, favor or affection; of handling people without gloves. How I do love to meet with one of those women who have a soul as big as all out of doors, and are not afraid to let people know it.

Now, my fair complaining friends, I give you due and ample warning. My heart bleeds and sympathizes at every fresh recital of your woes. I have waited with all the patience of a martyr for the end of the vast catalogue. I have poured out my eyes in rivers of tears, I have wished that I might weep tears of blood, as each soul-harrowing tale has been told. But beware! All things *must* have an end. Oh, if I *was* to give you a chapter of *my* life!

☞ A well dressed traveller was recently taken ill at Saginaw, Mich., and, though the doctor saw no cause for alarm, the patient got low-spirited, thought he was going to die, and asked the doctor to break the news to a girl in Romeo whom he loved dearer than life; he must do it gently, for she was a tender flower and might "wilt" under the shock; so all tenderly the doctor wrote, and this was the response from the loving girl:

"Dr. D——, I care nothing for that Mr T——, nor to hear from him. You will please tell him to send me no more word.

"P. S.—Kill him. Miss P——."

☞ A Connecticut creature went hunting, the other day, with a double-barrelled gun and a blue cotton umbrella.

A BOUQUET.

FOR LUIGI MARIANI.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

With the best wishes of this sacred Day,
I send to Signor Luigi a Bouquet,
By the half-opened Roses it is told,
That hopes, for him, like flowers, may yet unfold.
The Heliotrope, in whispers sweet doth say,
How dear he is to hearts now far away.
No Laurel in my offering need be shown,
For he has well-earned Laurels—of his own.
Christmas Day. MRS. ANNA BACHE.

FORREST'S GLADIATOR AND ITS AUTHOR.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The recent death of Edwin Forrest is calling forth incidents in his remarkable career, some of which may interest the numerous readers of the *Saturday Evening Post*. Among these are the unpublished dramas written expressly for him, and upon which he based, in a great measure, the success which enabled him to amass a fortune of near a million and a half of dollars. Prominent among his literary friends, stands the name of Dr. Robert M. Bird, author of THE GLADIATOR. When little more than a year since Mr. Forrest appeared before a Philadelphia audience in this tragedy the editor of *The Daily Press* published the following paragraph:—

FORREST IN "THE GLADIATOR."

Dr. Robert M. Bird, the author of the admirable classic tragedy called "The Gladiator," was a native of New Castle, Delaware, but for many years previous to his death, in 1854, was the joint editor and proprietor with Morton McMichael of the *North American and United States Gazette* of this city. He wrote a number of other excellent plays, including the tragedies of "Oraloosa" and "The Broker of Bogota." His editorial colaborer, after his decease, paid him an eloquent tribute. In this he said: "He leaves behind him few of more vast and varied erudition, of a wider range of knowledge, practical as well as scholastic, not superficial nor doubtful, but profound, positive and accurate." "The Gladiator" is one of those few great tragedies which Mr. Edwin Forrest, the grandest actor of the time, has honored and rendered additionally famous by playing its leading character.

The editor of "Prose Writers of America" awards Dr. Bird a marked distinction, speaking of the remarkable extent and dissimilarity of his labors, as a writer of romances, a physician, a college professor, a magazine publisher, a newspaper editor, and author of the most successful tragic dramas ever produced in this country. And these varied pursuits were still further diversified by application to the more solid sciences. Lest this view of the eminent character of Dr. Bird may strike the readers of the *Saturday Evening Post* as overstrained, I will add here the remarks of his former co-laborer, Ex-Mayor McMichael, a substantial authority in literary matters. Mr. McM. says of his associate in the *North American and United States Gazette:*—"My highest esteem for the man was strengthened during a long business connection, the harmony of which was never in the slightest degree disturbed. His pen was never used but in the cause of virtue. The purity and elevation of his own nature, his expansive benevolence and chivalric devotion to right are impressed upon every page of his writings. His unsurpassed stores of information, his quick and clear judgment, his ability to grasp, as by intuition, the strong points of a subject, united with unusual facility of composition, were qualities rarely united, and leave us cause of regret that the hand of death should so soon have closed the brilliant prospect which in the prime of life was opening before him."

Such is the tribute paid by his associate editor of the *North American*, then one of the leading journals of the country, paid to the writer whose genius once shed its light over the columns of the *Saturday Evening Post*. Striking is the coincidence which associates Forrest and Bird with the first editor of the *Post*, for whom the tragedian, Forrest, spoke, in the editor's ears, of his grievous wrongs in the Crescent City, the author of the "Gladiator" was quietly pursuing his studies at West Point, and while there, wrote for the editor, his poem, "*the Gladiator*," which was the germ of the tragedy.

Dr. Bird, after his first tragedy, wrote several others, and then forsaking the stage turned his attention to such works as his "Calavar," "The Infidel," "Hawks Hollow," and other historical romances.

With this reference to the tragedian and the tragedy, the readers of the *Saturday Evening Post* will now be presented with the only copy in existence of the original poem which subsequently led its author to the production of Mr Forrest's tragedy so widely known as *The Gladiator*. The original poem has never appeared in print but once, and the editor for whom it was written while its author was a student at West Point, has for forty six years retained the poem, while Mr. Forrest, for whom the tragedy *The Gladiator* was expressly written, has never permitted his MSS. to appear in print, a rule he has observed with all his original plays.

The poem is not now brought to light so much for its intrinsic merit (for it was one of its author's earliest productions,) as for the evidence which it furnishes of the first scintillation of true genius so fully matured in after life. Of his tragedies, *The Gladiator* was the most popular, maintaining its position from the outset of his career to its close.

SONG OF THE GLADIATOR.

BY THE LATE DR. R. M. BIRD.

Ye have come around to see me fight—
Ye stand up there to witness my might;
And ye triumph to think that each glad eye
Shall view a brave man's agony:
I will not balk ye, but hear me rejoice,
Ere the blood of my heart hath stopp'd my voice.

Romans! ye are a blood-thirsty set,
And even in peace your weapons are wet—
In festive hall, or at the board,
Ye brawl, and the stain is on the sword:
The Parcæ laugh—but the gods look down,
And can ye not see their kindling frown?

Whence have ye risen unexampledly high?
Ye are heard to the world's extremity—
The wandering hordes that freeze in the North,
Shrink back when your armies are going forth.
The swarthy Nubian gathers his band,
But it flies at your impress on the sand.

Ye do not employ the arts of the good,
For ye wade along in a sea of blood:
Your laws are framed, but they're not the laws
Which govern and guide a peaceful cause;
But I tell ye your name is at best but a name,
And time will close over its opening fame.

Ye will rise to the summit of human power,—
Ye shall fall, and your fall shall be ten-fold lower:
The nations ye scorn are preparing their bands,
The hoofs of their steeds will plough up your lands:
And where they go forth, or where they go back,
Not one blade of grass will spring in their track.

Your name shall pass by from the face of the earth,
Or only remember'd a subject of mirth!
Your city shall crumble, and giant Decay
Will exult when he sees her wasting away:
And ye who stand now in the pride of your fame,
Posterity will but exult in your shame.

I go, but the nation ye took me from,
Will soon in its glorious triumph come,
The son of the father who bleedeth to-day,
The kinsmen who follow his fiery way,
Will come in the might of their power, and make
Your home an abode for the beast and the snake.

This was the germ of "The Gladiator," which, at the time of its author's death, had been performed over one thousand times, before crowded and enthusiastic audiences, in the principal cities of the Union.

☞ A Woburn woman has called at the post-office twice a day for twelve years, for a letter that does not come.

STEAM-POWER

Book and Job Printing

Wedding Cards, Bill-Heads,
Visiting Cards, Statements,
Business Cards, Circulars,
Books, Checks,
Catalogues, Pamphlets,
Briefs of Titles, Paper Books,

AND

ALL OTHER PRINTING.

Apply personally or by letter to

DEACON & PETERSON,

319 Walnut Street.

Or at the Printing Office in the rear, Nos. 108 & 110 Hudson Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

AU REVOIR.

Oh! solemn words, which have of all
Leave-taking words the deepest spell,
From careless lips I hear them fall,
Sounding like a prophetic knell,
Each day in idle hearts' farewell.

To meet again! Ah! yes; again
Life's chances may together bring
These two who thoughtless part. But when?
The leaves which wild winds toss and fling,
Of years keep slender reckoning.

To meet again! Ah! yes; but where?
They both tread flowers and dance to-day,
But winter winds chill summer air;
And earth has places dark and gray,
Whence flowers and song have passed away.

To meet again! Ah! if God will.
With health and youth their veins are red,
But grave-stones gleam on every hill;
And burial services are said
Each day above the early dead.

Oh, hearts! there solemn words of all
Leave-taking words have deepest spell;
In tender whisper let them fall;
And lest they prove prophetic knell,
Add reverent prayer to each farewell!

—*Hearth and Home.*

WERTZAL THE SCOUT;

OR,

The Phantom of the Black Hills.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY CAPTAIN CARNES.

The first well-aimed volley from their rifles carried consternation and death among the warriors. Another volley, and then down went the rifles, and knife to knife, and hatchet to hatchet the fight went on.

If they had only known who was the gaunt warrior that after the first hasty glance—seeing that all was lost—stole with a silent, snaky crawl away into the shadows beyond the smouldering camp-fire glow—if they—if Joe Emmet had but known, he would have washed his hands in the heart's blood of the renegade, and hashed his craven flesh with the iron heels of his horse.

In a short time the contest was ended. A small number of the Sioux, during the thickest of the fight, had stolen off and escaped. The impetuous charge of the cavalry had not rendered them impervious to Indian knives and tomahawks. Many brave fellows, dead and wounded, were scattered among the savage bodies.

In gathering up the wounded soldiers, Emmet first discovered the prone figure of the scout. The hatchet buried in the earth so near his head, that his temple used it as a prop, showed with what nearly fatal accuracy Bill Grouchy could hurl this famous weapon of his allies. It was intended as a motion of adieu to his old acquaintance.

"God of the universe!" exclaimed Emmet; "here is—bring a brand, boys—bound hand and foot, wounded and dead, I believe, old Wertzal, who nearly a week ago left Fort H—— with Brookes and Crooker's train for Santa Fe. Another maddening revelation of atrocious horrors is locked in by the dead lips of the hero."

A moment later he called out excitedly:

"Sergeant Blair, give me your brandy flask, the body is warm about the heart. And post a picket for an hour or so. It is impossible to guess how near another camp of the red rascals may be—and we, in turn, may be surprised."

His orders were obeyed.

"Not dead yit, Bill, and the torter not so bad as ye had planned. I hain't called out fur marcy, hev I?" were the first, inarticulate words uttered by the reviving scout, whose shoulders were propped up by Emmet's knee, and whose head rested upon Emmet's breast.

"What is it?" questioned the young officer, bending his ear to the parched lips of the sufferer. Every faculty in the iron frame seemed instantly fired with electric life.

"Whose voice is this? an' whar am I?" was the stronger whisper.

"Try another swallow of this brandy, and then I will tell you."

The fiery liquid caused Wertzal to strangle somewhat, which wrenched his chest painfully. He uttered a piteous moan.

"Ef ye're a friend," he gasped, at length, "give me a sharp, steady prick through, somewhar by the fifth rib, for I can't—I don't care ter—ter try to get through from this—it's wus than death."

"You're badly wounded?"

"Cut up powerful—an' stiff, an' sore, an' smartin."

"But you are worth saving, Wertzal, though you were chopped into mince-meat."

"Not as it 'pears ter me."

"Try a good draught of the brandy, and I don't think that you'll mind the journey to the out-post."

Wertzal obediently drank the burning potation, and Emmet called out,

"Sergeant Blair, give me a lift here. We must get Wertzal where he can be nursed, and then from his lips we will gain the particulars of the disaster that has overtaken him, or the train."

"My God, stranger," moaned the scout, inarticulately, "lift keerful—don't pull upon my clothing—it's dried inter the wounds an'—an'—death! death! death!"

The border hero lay unconscious of his sufferings, and was speedily lashed to a horse, while the other wounded and dead men were also tied upon their animals; the weapons of the slain savages were gathered up, and with outflanking and van riding and rear guards, the soldiery started off at a rapid trot toward the distant eastern military post.

Halting every hour or two to minister to their wounded comrades, the men still deemed it advisable to push rapidly forward, for from the beacon smokes showing to their practiced eyes on every quarter—they knew that the plains were literally covered with wandering war parties.

Denizens of eastern towns and cities never dream of the hardships of the pioneer. Did they realize what it is to be in the front of civilization, and the privations and dangers following upon the life of the pioneer, they would know that the times of the martyrs were not yet extinct; and would feel a veneration and sympathy for their enterprising brethren, of which, at the present time, in their lukewarm state of heedless ignorance, they do not dream.

Thrice hail, then, to the brave invincibility, that foreseeing the good to come to future generations, nobly sacrifices its selfishness for the good of, too often, thankless posterity.

In all his skirmishes, his hand to hand encounters with border fiends, in all his hair breadth escapes, Wertzal, the scout, was never so nearly *dead* beat, as when Joe Emmet lifted his gigantic form from its uncomfortable position on the horse's back upon their arrival at the outpost. The attending surgeon shook his head woefully, upon beholding his condition, and on examining his wounds.

"For the love of Heaven, doctor," solemnly spoke Emmett, "bring him through alive. In the death of Wertzal, the troubled and outraged border loses one of its staunches pillars of support."

"What can be done shall be done," returned the surgeon; "but you understand that there are times and situations when all man's boasted prowess sinks into nothingness."

Emmet nodded gloomily.

"Wertzal's sturdy, unbroken constitution, his habits, his temperance, will carry him through what would kill a score of ordinary men. But he is cut into every conceivable geometrical pattern, and the wounds going so long undressed, are thick-lipped and refractory. An hour hence, after the warm bath has allowed us to draw off his clothing, I can tell you more. He's an honest fellow, and if he returned cut for cut, there's been fierce, dreadful fighting somewhere."

CHAPTER XX.

ENCHANTMENT.

When Captain Vance had been extricated from the bodies which in the thickest of the fight had fallen upon him, it was found that no new wounds were likely to be fatal. The previous bleeding and that from fresh cuts, had weakened him to that extent that he had doubtless staggered and fallen just where others, stumbling and piling upon him, had crushed his chest and lungs, and excluded necessary air. On being freed from his trying position, he immediately began to revive.

Emily also, though covered with the blood of others, was unscathed, and unexpectedly to herself awoke again upon earth.

A party of the soldiers, gathering up the straggling horses of the settlement to prevent a stampede, brought in also the two ridden by the fugitives. Then was explained what may have puzzled the reader, and what seemed very mysterious to Mrs. Armstrong at the time, the tractability of one of the animals. By the arrangement or disarrangement of the stirrups—they still remaining as when she rode the beast—it proved that she had renewed an old acquaintanceship. She had ridden Thunderbolt, on whose back the half-breed had borne her away to captivity.

Escorted by a detachment of the cavalry back to Burkeston, Emily's not thoughtless, but buoyant nature made her refer knowingly "to *my* stampede of horses," in a way that called up a smile to the faces of her hearers.

"It is past," she said, referring to the terrible scene; "it seems to me like the horrors of an incubus state; like the awful pantomime of a mad dream. Let it remain so, always, Heavenly Father, like an unreal tragedy."

And in the sunny south room, the windows of which were graced by a myriad of crimson trumpet flowers dangling on the parent stem, entwined with the golden bowls of the nasturtium and the graceful wisteria, she became a beautiful companion to the weak and convalescing officer.

Catherine Burke, deep in the confidence of both, trembled for the results of this delicious season. Her woman's wits were dormant here. What could she do? Captain Vance really needed more careful nursing than a general hospital, or heedless hirelings, would give him, and Emily—why she had nowhere to go.

"Return to the East?" she had said once in reply to Kate's asking of her if she had no desire to return home, "why now that uncle is dead, I haven't the shadow of a near and dear relative there; and where I lost my treasures, there I must remain to look for them."

So, as I said, in this pleasant south room of Kate's, opening upon her bower, sat Emily stitching away diligently for Catherine, or Ben, or Henry, as it might happen, and singing simple old ballads in a soft, sweet voice, until Captain Vance remembered no more the trials, sorrows and sins of his life, in the calm content of the present. Of his feelings toward the bright little beauty we have previously spoken. In regard to her, she was neither priestess, nor St. Emily, but she had been reared under strong moral influences, that happily had bent her nature in the way it should go; still this statement does not suit me, for the strictest discipline too often breeds lax morality. It were better to put the matter in its true light, and say that kind nature, moulding the intelligence, had protruded and developed those head bumps, phrenologically speaking, that make the prayer "lead us not into temptation," almost unnecessary.

Had she allowed her mind to dwell exclusively upon the brave, handsome and agreeable young border hero, it would have worked her direful woe, no doubt; for it was only by persistently keeping her thoughts cuddled closely about the memory of her truant or recreant husband, that she held her heart warm toward him, and calmly and discouragingly met the dark, reproachful and loving eyes of the hero.

"Emily," he said one day, with a playful, yet earnest manner, "we are taxing Catherine's hospitality beyond endurance. As soon as I am a little better cemented together, I must get down to L——, and take away the lean and hungry look of my collapsed pocket-book."

"You're not to trouble," she returned smiling. "I am your banker at present. I brought all this trouble upon you, and it is but just that should I carry you through it, at least above low water mark."

"I dissent from the verdict of your being in this case my fate, and bringing my trouble upon me. Of my own accord I turned aside to S——, which movement led to subsequent events."

"Be that as it may, I am purser for this trip."

"You, Emily," he could not make himself call her Mrs. Armstrong, "when but a little time ago you represented yourself as penniless?"

"The veriest vagrant that ever trespassed upon a friend's kindness," she replied. "That, however, was before I could communicate with my patrons in the East;" and, with the playful frankness of a child, she drew her purse from her pocket and exhibited a goodly supply of funds.

Then, with a charming blush, she went on. "I cannot keep a secret from you, Captain Dave, if I try; and I see that you are dying of the womanly attribute—curiosity." Playfully dropping upon a stool near his couch, she fanned him zealously, as if that were the one idea occupying her busy brain.

"Confess," he commanded, attempting to seize the slender hand that waved the oval palm-leaf, and which skilfully eluded capture.

"I belong to that much abused tribe, known to the trade as Bohemians."

Captain Vance was astonished.

"You have quite taken my breath," he said, after a moment of serious meditation.

"I don't doubt it," she returned, "I am such a silly, sentimental thing; but the world has silly, sentimental moods, and then I just suit it; that is the way that I come by my available funds."

"Does Catherine know?"

"Catherine? Of course, I have to tell her everything in the world. I never had a sister, you know, nor any sort of a female friend except Miss Grimes, the preceptress of Byfield Academy; and Kate is so nice that I surfeit her with my confidences and plans."

"I wish," said Captain Dave, disconsolately, "that I was Kate, so long as I, being Vance, am nothing to you."

Emily laughed in her sudden, pretty way.

"Oh, no, I shouldn't want you merged in Kate—that is, I can't seem to explain myself, only dear Kate couldn't fight renegades and—and make that exact—turkey-call—and—"

"Emily!" exclaimed her companion, in a wounded tone.

"I mean—I mean I *want you both* as—as you are—not consolidated;" and two crystal tears were swimming across the blue of her eyes as she spoke.

Vance groaned, and turned his face to the wall.

A long silence followed, and Mrs. Armstrong was hoping that her patient slept, when he suddenly asked:

"Have you written anything of late?"

"Only one little piece since you have lain disabled."

"Will you read it to me?"

She colored a little.

"I'm afraid that you wouldn't like it—it's orthodox rather."

"Poetry?"

"Yes."

"Of course," he returned, "you write nothing else, such a humming-bird as you are."

"Indeed, you were never more mistaken in a supposition, sir. Even on the humming-bird theory I can trap you. The etherial creature does not live altogether on honey, but feeds upon grosser material—the insects contained in the blossom. I haven't the least doubt but that I could give you as stale and clammy a theological essay as ever was thrust upon the notice of a spiritual dyspeptic."

"But the article, Emily—latest written."

"I am afraid that you will not like it."

"But I promise you that I will."

Without further ado she drew a slip of paper from a small memorandum-book in her pocket, and remarking:

"I wrote it off one evening when you were the feeblest, and threatened with delirium, but you mustn't imagine it pointed at all; it's a catechism for myself." She began reading in a low, feeling tone:

"'Are you ready to go if the Saviour should call?
Are you ready to go to Him now?
Are your sins all forgiven? Is your peace made with Heaven?
Is His seal shining forth on your brow?

"'Have you lightened the hearts that were heavy with woe?
Have you sought others' burdens to bear?
Have you bathed weary brows? Have you wiped weeping eyes?
And sought all their sorrows to share?

"'Have you pointed the road to the weary and lost,
By yourself walking straight in the way?
Have you shown where the darkness of earth's dreary night
Brightens into eternity's day?

"'Have you done what you could like the widow of old?
Have you given your mites to the Lord?
Have you worked in His vineyard though weary and worn?
Assured of the final reward?

"'Have you always been true to yourself and your God?
In sorrow and pleasure the same?
Have you given your foe, when he thirsted to drink,
A cup in the Saviour's dear name?

"'Is your lamp all aglow? Is the light in your soul
Beaming brightly with faith and with love?
Are your garments all white if the Saviour should come
To bear you to mansions above?'"

For a time nothing was said. Vance carried her hand reverentially to his lips, and then retained it in his fevered clasp.

"A sermon," he said, at length, "which I shall never forget."

Catherine, entering with her sewing just then, broke up the dangerous enchantment, and gave a general turn of the conversation to every-day matters.

"You will find Captain Vance rather absent and peculiar," explained Emily, "he has just learned for the first time that I have sung to the world:

"'Buy a broom, buy a broom,
Buy a broom, buy a broom
Of a wandering Bohemian.
Oh, come buy a broom.'"

Vance, perceiving the point of the joke, could not forbear smiling.

Then one day when Kate was busied about household affairs, he unceremoniously broke into Mrs. Armstrong's singing with:

"Emily, may I ask you a question?"

"A dozen if you please," she archly answered.

"Precisely; but will you answer me?"

"Ah! that is a different view of the matter. I cannot tell; if"—smiling, "it is consistent with my views of propriety, I will."

"What were the attributes of your"—the word choked him—"of Mr. Armstrong that he won you so readily?" Then as she hesitated, he continued, "No, you need not answer—the question was hardly fair; but I am going to tell you of what I was thinking a moment ago. That as we are never to be anything more than friends, I wished these cuts and thrusts had been a little truer or surer, so that life and earth with me might be fading while I could be so inexpressibly happy as to have you all to myself."

She shook her head dissentingly.

"No, no; you are young—your mission is but just begun. We have nothing to do with 'what might have been,' we are to accommodate ourselves *to what is*."

But he wasn't satisfied.

"I want you to say—to tell me just how you do feel toward me, Emily. I am childish and selfish, but I want some good word to remember."

"What can, or what should I say?" she replied, coloring painfully; but, after a moment's struggle to conquer the quivering of her voice, she went on, "the truth, of course. You shall have it. Aside from all the restrictions that position or propriety would impose, I frankly confess that I have aims and aspirations now that I had never known until we met. My mind is strengthened, thought exalted, and my soul has chosen Excelsior for its motto forever and forever. More you need not ask me—more I cannot say—you are to be satisfied;" then suddenly rallying to her usual playful, childish manner, she continued, "and I candidly and devotedly believe, that love, to retain its strength and purity, must find its object unattainable. To think," and she dropped her voice almost to a musing whisper, "that Georgie's and my romantic love affair should have such a woeful ending."

"But the 'end is not yet,'" added Vance, bitterly.

"I know," and an evanescent smile, unstable as Summer lightning flickered athwart her bright face, "but he was awfully jealous before the honeymoon had waned;" and she laughed absently, forgetful of the present, in memory of the past.

Vance found her a perfectly unsolvable riddle.

"Kate," she called just then, "I remember the verses that we couldn't recall the other day; come in and let's sing them to Captain Vance; and, afterward, thinking persistently of Lieutenant Strother, we'll sing 'Whistle and I will come to ye, my lad.'"

Do you wonder that Vance thought her a riddle? Would he not have thought so still more, if could have seen her when alone that night, as she rocked herself to and fro in an agony of tears?

But in spite of Vance's disinclination to get beyond the happy surroundings of his convalescent state, his wounds rapidly healed, and Harry Burke almost counted the hours before he could take to the saddle with himself, and once more become a wild rider of the plain.

And the days rolled steadily and hastily onward; and there came a time at last when loitering longer was not excusable.

Amid the sweet perfumes of Kate's Summer blossoming bower, Vance and Emily held their parting conversation.

"See," she said, as the moonlight flickered through the slats and leaves upon them, "even the bright queen of night labors for your promotion," and she pointed to the silvery bars across his breast, and to the delicate filligree leaves upon his shoulders.

"But these marks of distinction give not the old time thrill," he replied. "Emily, I have read it in books and fairy tales and the like, how to be chained to moorings just outside of Heaven, to behold, to feel the transports of the angels, and yet not be allowed to enter—is horrible punishment. It is not. There is a terrible sweetness and fascination that makes anchorage close to Heaven better than voyaging beyond."

She made no answer other than bowing her head.

"You also have heard of the Orient harps hanging so long untuned, awaiting the master hand that was to give them utterance? And that first awakening gave tone to the whole after-existence, either for harmony or discord. My harp has been struck by the master hand."

"And may harmony resound within your soul forever and forever;" she reverently replied.

Vance caught her to his breast in a fierce embrace.

"There is a law," he cried in the suppressed tones of deep feeling, "a law lying outside the laws of man—a law lying outside and inside, above and beneath it—the *law of soul*. By that law you are *mine* through time and through the dim, shadowy *forever* of eternity. I am thine, as thou art mine, and God keep her whom He has given me."

He pressed a deep and silent kiss upon her trembling lips, sprang from the balcony amid the dewy shrubs, and, mounting his horse, which had, for some time, been champing her bit at the gate, he galloped away.

"Meet me to-morrow at Brigg's Falls," he had said to Harry on parting with him in the evening.

Emily sank down amid the moonbeams in a shuddering little heap, and believed herself a most miserable being.

There Catherine found her, and, in her sensible fashion, scolded her.

"The night air is penetrating through these vines, child, and yonder creeping vapor may be burdened with miasma. Come in with me."

"He is gone, and I believe that I have never half thanked him for again saving my life."

"Be quiet," Kate returned. "You probably saved his life this last time by giving him warning, and you have shown your gratitude by being a most assiduous nurse. Could you do more, my dear?"

"No, no, I couldn't; but it is dreadful"—and she left the sentence in the unfinished way peculiar to her.

CHAPTER XXI.

A WIDE LEAP.

Writers, it is well known to the world, are gymnasts, for, from a sort of spiritual trapeze, they bound from here to yonder, with the agility of the professional acrobat.

Dear reader, make the flying leap with us through space, and we will land several months away from the incidents in our last chapter. There is nothing of vital importance connected with this narrative in the chasm of time across which we spring.

Here, then, we find ourselves hugging close in to the shadows of the bold Rocky range, and following up a spiral coil of smoke that about sunset winds its upward course from a little valley walled by gigantic cliffs, you expect to look in upon the lodge or lodges of the aborigines of the plain; but you are out in your reckoning. The original fire-lighter has been joined by his straggling comrades, and is now back toward us gazing more abstractedly than hungrily, upon the dripping chunk of roast perched upon his huge and unwieldy knife.

Just before nightfall the first party of three hunters had been joined by two others, and now the five were keenly enjoying the juicy venison. Look here! You know this stalwart fellow, who sits with his back toward us while he eats. Listen as he speaks to one of the men lately arrived.

"I can't grind my feed with so good a relish as if I could pictur the time an' place whar my eyes hev looked upon ye before, stranger."

"I can't help you," returned the one addressed; "although I also am haunted with an idea that we have met previous to this time."

"Well, it don't matter, stranger; likely we've catched sight ov each other's fizzybognomies, in scrimmagin' about, but ez my pictur gallery is familier to my mind, it's curis I can't recall ye. Yer name?"

The newcomer gave it.

The questioner shook his head.

"Hev heard the name, I'm sure, but never knew the man."

"And not distinctly can I make you out."

"Arter this interview yer ken, eh? Wall, the surface of my meat hes been purty well writ over with Injun higher-row-gliffics; in fact, my featurs are rather marked, and not ter be fergot." And the old fellow laughed in a sort of subdued glee.

"Wertzal!" says the reader.

Yes, Wertzal, by all the saints in the cullender!

"Found some diffikilty in gettin' cemented tergether arfter that larst hashin'," he explained, when Emmet came to see him several weeks after delivering him to the surgeon of the outpost, "an' hev some odd figgers marked on the skin, but I'm out on my gristle once more, though in the way of beauty I hev nothin' to brag on;" and he pointed to a long scar extending from his ear nearly to the corner of his mouth.

"The tomahawk came within one of going down your throat," joked the surgeon.

"I hev no remembrance to the contrary, and think it came out agin close to my thigh—leastwise, thar was a big enough gap thar to accommodate it."

"I can make affidavit of that," was the reply.

Yes, Wertzal, once more restored to health, found occasion to heartily mourn the demise of faithful Quirkey, who had been taken with dog fever, or some other malady, during the old scout's season of sore helplessness. The careless people about viewed him simply as a dog, and so long as he bore his sufferings in silence, he was allowed to die unwept and untended, gasping away his last breath upon the hard couch at his master's feet, and to the last, gazing with his beseeching dog-eyes upon his old friend's pain-distorted features.

"As good an faithful a creetur as ever lived inside a dog-skin," soliloquized Wertzal, "an' of the life principal of all things lives here arter, as I've heern say, I'd find yer agin, Quirkey, bym by, whar we won't be gouged an' cut up, an' hev to die without any thought or keer."

To all appearance Wertzal was the only person who escaped the massacre of the train on its attempted journey to Santa Fe. Scouts and parties of hunters coming in from the plains, had found the wrecks of the caravan and the skeletons of the dead; the flesh having been embalmed, if you please, by the buzzards and wild animals. The remains, bleached and shining, were dragged about in such a manner and presented so horrible a spectacle that they did not attempt to number the victims, but scooped some hollows, into which the bones were piled and covered with earth.

The old veteran had now entered upon a new enterprise. He was, in company with one or two other picked hunters, employed to journey among and beyond the Rocky Mountains, to trade with the broken tribes of savages, who eked out their precarious subsistence by hunting and trapping for peltries, which, it was to be arranged, were to be brought in to certain outposts after the catching season was over.

The enterprising firm which employed these men fitted them out with horses and all needful appurtenences, and would have placed a considerable squad of volunteer men at their service, had Wertzal not vetoed the motion.

"Three or four picked men," he said, "is better than a score of harum scarums, that would take all the time of the experienced, or eddicated scouts, to govern, an' shoo 'em in round the edges."

"I'll pick my crew," he said, "an' be responsible for my men." This he set about doing, and the first person that he came across on starting from the outpost was Dicky.

The half breed's greeting lacked the jubilant tone of former times.

"No find my squaw," explained he, "no find my squaw yet."

"Jupiter O-limb puss, how's that? hev ye lost sight, or scent, Dicky?"

"No find—no find," was the gloomy answer. "Took the trail—you know—you know—arter much pow-wow—you know—took the trail. Outside—much way—long plain—find big brave Pawnee—tosses-up brave—um stole my squaw—found brave much dead—Indian no kill—no sculpee—much scuffle—heap big fight—dirt kick so ways" illustrating with his heel—"an' so ways. Hoss there—go that way—big leaps yah—ugh! He git her—go by the stream. There losse trail. Sioux cross it—much track."

"Then you don't mind jinin' my expedish, eh, Dicky? We'll look fur squaws an' peltry. Cum, let's burn sum terbacker and hev a talk."

The result of the talk was that Rubber Dick enlisted with Wertzal.

"You're up from the Sou'west, I take it?" Wertzal remarked, nodding toward the latest arrivals.

"Come through Gutter's Pass from Arizona. Our course lay mostly along the forks and tributaries springing up by the head waters of the Colorado."

"Quite a stretch. How's the land lay? and what's the perduce?"

"The native crop is Indians, and they produce some right smart riding."

"Natural result of sile an' climate, an' I take it yer can't tell persactly what them burnfires signerfy round the hurryzon's rim yonder? I've been lookin' that way fur sum time."

"We have noticed them for the last two or three nights, and imagine that they are signal fires, as the season for firing the prairie is not yet come. At first we thought it might be burning settlements, but afterwards concluded they were on the open plain."

"Yes, they air; but it shows that thar's a plentiful sprinklin' of pitch-wigs on the flats, and its safest to keep both eyes open if yer happen to hev two."

All assented to this, and being weary with the day's travel, the small company camped down, Wertzal choosing the picket's post for the first of the evening.

With his huge pipe crammed to its utmost capacity, he mildly fumigated the stars and listened to the lonesome sounds borne among the Black Hills lying to the Eastward. As the young hunter, whose features had so mystified the scout with dim, eluding memories, lay sleeping near, one of nervous temperament would have been puzzled at the strange proceedings that followed his unconscious state. Wertzal picked up a smoking brand and fanned it about until the wind had enlivened it into a blaze, when he crept softly up to the sleeper and held his torch near his face. The hat was fallen back from a white forehead, which neither sun nor wind had embrowned, and the features showed a man not yet thirty years of age.

Of a sudden the old fellow finished his scrutiny and dropped his brand. Stamping upon it, he extinguished its fiery glow, and perched upon a rock he watched and mused. Being eminently clairvoyant, we will read his thoughts.

"Ken sumtimes git at a sleepin' likeness better 'n a wakin' one. Never should 'v got at whar I'd seed him in creation, if I hadn't looked when he laid dead-like. I've got the idee now, and I'll enlighten him in the mornin'; or he's to hev the second heat, and I'll jog his memory then."

He did in this wise:

"Who ever picked ye up an' saved yer life that time when yer was as good as dead upon the plain outside D——?"

The young man gazed curiously at his interlocutor.

"Captain Vance; but how came you to know about it?"

"Why, I undertook ter pick yer up, after I found ye wa'n't as I fust s'posed dead's a nit; but striking off toward B—— fur a horse, arter I found I could neither git ye on yer feet nor drag ye along with me, I got suddenly into an argiment with two lice b'longin' to the Sioux nation, an' we swopped axidents till I didn't know the pints of the compasses, an' hed to suck-comb, as the fort fellers used to say, an' I never knew what become on ye—didn't know what become ev myself fur a long time."

"Ah," exclaimed Marsh, much interested, "I knew nothing of this, but I now think that I saw you at the fort in the Spring."

"No doubt, no doubt—I was thar."

With this Wertzal stretched himself out, after handing his smoking pipe to his companion, and telling him to rout the next fellow in the row when he grew tired. He did not readily fall asleep, however, for now that he had made out just where he had seen the young man's face, he strove to remember when and where he had heard his name before.

While they were partaking of the morning meal the old scout suddenly renewed the conversation.

"Marsh, how come you to assume the horryzontal on the Plains?"

The addressed, in a brief manner, related the attack upon the mail-stage.

"By all the saints in the cullender I've got ye now!" exclaimed Wertzal, in so unexpected and vehement a manner, that the startled party to a man sprang to their feet. "Wall," he went on, chuckling, "I'd no idee of histing ye all on ter yer feet in this way, but I know Marsh now—leastwise, I know where I've heerd of him. It cum from the settlemunt whar the leetle yallar-haired gall is."

"What!" exclaimed the young man, excitedly, "of whom do you speak, friend?"

"Ov a gall as Vance an' I fill-t bustered from a set of pitch-wigs months ago."

"Not Emily Armstrong?"

"Thar ye hev it."

"Pray tell me the particulars. Is she alive and well?"

"She was, a week or so ago."

"And in good hands?"

"The very best in creation. She's at Burketon—several rods from here, ye know."

"Thank God! thank God!" reverently exclaimed Marsh. "I have feared all sorts of horrors as surrounding her—have taken to the plains hoping and praying that I might learn her fate."

Wertzal briefly related what we already know—and at its conclusion Richard Marsh dropped his head upon his hands and again aspirated,

"Thank God!"

"But Vance, knowing her history, an' tuggin' you inter the settlemunt—leastwise, we'll get the matter right eend foremost—hevin dragged ye into the settlemunt, an' arterwards rescuing the gall, an' hearin' her story—fur every Borderer fur miles around hes known it, an' looked fur a feller ov yer size—why 'pon airth didn't he put this 'n that together an' ease her mind."

"Don't you perceive, friend, that he sort of dumped me, senseless and plundered of every decent garment, at the first settlement to which he came, and left without having even learned my name."

"Aye, aye, that's it, that's it! I've never seed her—hev never bin that way; but Vance hes told me confidentially, that she's purty as a pictur; but as my eye fur beauty is consumedly extinguished, I've never turned my huffs in that direction."

"It is my cousin," Richard said, decidedly; "and you must go with me to see her on our return. She's so bright and beautiful that you will love her at once, and she will be so grateful—"

"You git," broke in Wertzal, irreverently, "don't yer 'spose I know the figgers. She's got a purty good looking sort of a chap sot up to reverence as her d'leverer—an' fur the sake ov yer youthful days an' dreams, let her keep it. Don't never attempt to lug us in sight ov each other—I might stand it—maybe she couldn't."

Marsh understood something of the sensitive feelings that caused the old scout's remark.

"We will see," he answered.

And so dear Emily, his beautiful cousin and friend, was safe. A terrible burden was lifted from the soul of Richard.

On the next night, while they skirted along the foot-hills, they listened to those wonderful detonations of the Rocky Mountains which are so apt to mislead the inexperienced hunter into the belief that it is musketry firing among the ravines. Late in the day, from an eminence, they had sighted quite a village, several miles to the southwest of their present route, but from close calculating they found that they could easily touch there on their return, and so forbore to go out of the way.

During the last mile's march they had brought down a buffalo from a small herd feeding close by a mountain stream, upon which they feasted, and afterwards threw themselves about the fire, for the night was chilly upon the hills, and recited their previous adventures.

Some time in the night the entire camp, both sentinel and sleepers, were brought to their feet by the wild, foreboding wail of the phantom. Twice and again the startled hills sent shaking echoes trembling out upon the air.

"Boys," said Wertzal, "sooner or later I'm gwine ter know what that cuss is. I've bin badgered about with the long tongue and longer wind of that critter for a good while."

"Where was the noise?" questioned Marsh; "the whole air around my head seemed quivering and stinging with the cry."

"It cum from the Black Hills, and it's sumwhar tharabout that the thing holes. It most allus starts up or eends thar. It usually busts out so unexpectedly that it gives a fellow the gripes round the gizzard, and I vote ter investergate."

"I will go with you now, or any time," answered Marsh.

"Jest so; but we've got a smart heap ov bis on hand, and can't switch off to hunt the critter now. We've got to make our tracks wide apart, so as to get over enough ground to allow ov a comfortably airly return, afore the winter ketches us in the mountain notches."

Not one of the company fancied being overtaken by Winter in the wild passes of the chilly hills, and, therefore, nothing but necessary halts were allowed.

Nearly a week after Richard Marsh had come up with the original party of three, they came upon so fresh and broad a trail that extreme caution was expedient. Dickey by some second sight peculiar to the half-breed species, declared that the trail was made by two parties, evidently Sioux, intent upon plundering some vagabond remnant of the Crows, or other weak tribe; and in their wake, fresh as it was, were the tracks of still fresher pursuit of them. The second body of warriors belonged to the Blackfeet nation.

The scout and his party kept along this route, hoping to evade discovery, but late in the day they were electrified by beholding an Indian's head disappear from an elevation far above them, and afterwards saw, as they supposed, the same savage dash off on horseback from the heights to the westward.

"Sioux! Sioux!" ejaculated Dickey.

The party, getting into the shelter of a ravine, hurried forward, anxious to get beyond the locality before nightfall, for, as it seemed to them, an attack was inevitable, and to their wary and suspicious eyes every rock and shrub seemed a savage ambush. Just at sunset they discovered four Indian scouts upon an eminence, their forms boldly defined against the sky, and the feathers in their tufts fluttering in the breeze.

"Lookee for short time," said the half-breed; "makee out what for they do that. See! no rides by this-a-away arn that-a-way, like when much heap buffalo—but heads one way—even—gallop! see big war-party. Village back thar! No see us! No lookee this way."

Dicky was right. Doubtless the Sioux scouts had sighted their hostile foes, and in the peculiar Indian style were signalling the braves of the village to prepare for the encounter.

The scout's party safely crossed the dangerous locality and hastened forward.

We cannot follow the traders step by step, but will make the general statement that Wertzal acquitted himself of his commission with safety and dispatch, and had once more returned to the plains with his little company safe and in good condition; although they had smoked the "pipe of peace," in addition to their own, in many lodges. In the meantime, Richard Marsh had lost hold of every preconceived idea of the Indian's life and natural nobility of character. There were the two extremes of savage arrogance and lawlessness, and servile brutality and chronic thievishness. The lovely and noble Indian princess wore ragged and greasy petticoats, and had around her, like a halo, some one or more of the thirty-two separate, disreputable scents, that not only invest the city of Cologne, but hang like an atmosphere around the aboriginal encampment.

The only particle of sentiment which could possibly attach itself to any of the females of the plain, was connected with the unseen bride of Dicky. Of her Wertzal had repeatedly spoken, himself feeling a lively interest in her unknown and anti-Indian origin. Pardon us for this digression, but we felt it a necessary one for every young and romantic reader.

For once, the party had clung closely together. Wertzal knew whom he was picking out for his expedition, and the dangerous country lying between the mountains and the Black Hills being so near safely passed, all manifested a cheerful spirit, if we except the half-breed, who had never been other than morose and frowning since he had lost his squaw.

They had come up with a fresh trail, and as usual had dismounted to examine it, when Dicky advanced a little ahead of the others, uttered a guttural "yag-ugh!" and began his frantic gesticulations.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ The following notice was recently found on the gate of a New York lunatic asylum: "Jurors supplied in any quantity on the shortest notice."

ON THE GOODWIN SANDS.

It was a wild night in October. The time, ten by the clock, if you could hear it striking. Outside, a gale blowing hard from the south-east, and rain that blew against the face like small shot. Inside, my father just recovered from an attack of the gout, and more than usually genial and communicative; my mother at work on some trifle for the expected niece or nephew—in our family of eight married girls, there was at least one new arrival daily expected—and myself, reading a novel.

Presently the tumult of the weather outside grew greater than I could well bear; and I threw down the book and started up.

"Not going out in a night like this, Harry?" said my mother.

"Only to look at the weather. As far as the pier. I shall be back in half an hour."

I changed my evening dress for a rough suit, put on a veritable tarpaulin, lit a segar—which the wind reduced to ashes in three minutes—and sallied forth.

We were staying at Deal, where my father had taken a house for a few months. It was one of those houses, which the reader doubtless remembers, which lie north of the quaint old town, between Deal and Sandown Castle—that curious old ruin, which looks like some old wedding cake pressed down and out of shape by a heavy hand, or like a Strasbourg pie which has been unlawfully sliced away longitudinally. They are new houses, facing the sea, and close to the shingly beach, off which I used to bathe in early morning, despite the prohibition of the authorities. We had been leading a lazy, shrimp-eating sort of a life for three months. I had nothing to do but to go on deluding myself into the belief that I was perfectly qualified to undertake certain responsibilities about to be conferred upon me in the Michaelmas term by the authorities of Lincoln's Inn. I dallied in the morning with law books till they bored me. Then I lit a pipe, and strolled over to Sandwich or to Walmer, where I made certain acquaintances with the Engineers, and watched scientific experiments. In the evening, we all three dined together, and so to bed—a truly innocent, Arcadian style of life. Only I was a little bored with it, and beginning to feel that the commencement of term and London would perhaps bring just a little more variety into one's daily existence. The old general, my father, had only two moods: that of excessive irascibility when the gout seized his toe—then we let him say all he pleased, praying silently that the fit might be a short one—and excessive geniality, when the good old fellow would roar with laughing as we mimicked one of his rages and inconsequential fits of unreasoning wrath while the gout was upon him. However, it was a great comfort for him to have me with him, greater still when I brought some fellows from Dover and Walmer to dinner; and so I stayed on.

All this preamble is quite beyond my story, melancholy and tragic as it is; and I am almost ashamed to let it stand. But it shows in what mood of mind I was on that night when I sallied forth, during the great storm of 1867, a little more than five years ago, to fight with the hurricane on the beach of Deal, little thinking what consequences were to follow to me and mine.

A night of hurricane and storm: a night on which a strong man like myself, of five and twenty, found it difficult to keep on his legs as the wind came sweeping across: a night when the wild spray dashed up the shingle against the windows of the Royal Hotel, and over the houses which still stand with their discourteous backs turned to the grand old ocean. I struggled onward and reached the pier. No admittance there. The gates were locked and the men gone. I clambered over, but soon came back, because the wind was strong enough to blow me away like a piece of paper, and I got tired of holding on by the railing, like clinging to the davits of a ship. I held on by the club-house, passed along the lee of the houses on the Walmer-road, and presently came to the life-boat house, where a small crowd was gathered together, which I joined.

An animated discussion was going on, and the boat lay ready to be launched in the little house, which looks like a chapel. If a chapel is a haven of safety, surely no better shape could be devised for the guardianship of a life-boat.

I soon caught the subject of their talk. A ship—was it a ship, or a lugger, or a Boulogne potato craft? what was it?—was on the Goodwin Sands.

They were preparing, in all thoughtfulness—for messengers of life and death must needs go well prepared—to put out to her assistance. No question, theirs, of the salvage. For all they cared, it might be the potato craft, or it might be a big ship. In the furious storm and darkness, all they could see was a single light, stationary, where no light ought to be stationary. Low tide, but the tide was rising every moment. So the needful operations, quick but not hastened, went on; and all was ready.

All but one thing—the men. The captain, or coxswain, or whatever his legitimate title, looked round, and asked, quickly—

"Where's Tom?"

Where was Tom, indeed!

No answer. At last a small boy raised his voice, and suggested that he was gone to Sandwich. The coxswain muttered what sounded more like an oath than a prayer, and looked round in perplexity. I fancied his eye rested for a moment on me. Forgetful of my promise to return in half an hour, I stepped forward, and clapped the man on the shoulder.

"Take me," I said, "I can row—I have rowed in a dozen races. I am strong enough, and in pretty good training."

He looked at me curiously, and shook his head.

"Too dangerous, young gentleman. Mayhap you'll lie down in the boat and cry, when we want every one to have his wits about him."

"No," I said, "I shall not cry, at any rate. Take me, and you'll not repent it."

He passed his hand up my arm, feeling the muscle with a sort of grim approbation. Then he conferred a minute or two with his crew. Then he turned to me, and said, gruffly—

"Come this way, sir."

I followed, and was speedily rigged out in a suit of rough flannels belonging to the truant Tom.

"You may go, and if you get drownded, of course it bean't our fault. You'll do your best in the boat, I'm sure; and if anything comes of the venture—why, it'll be Tom's, I suppose."

I agreed, of course, and we came back.

I do not know to this day how we got launched. In a wild, surging whirlpool of foam, wave and wind, that blinded my eyes and nearly washed me off my seat, I found the boat fairly off the shore, and was warned by the man nearest me, in a practical method—that is, by a pretty tough "punch" in the shoulders—to keep my wits about me. My thoughts, for the first ten minutes or so, were how to keep my hands tight to the oar, and hold it and myself in some kind of correspondence. Presently, I found that some sort of order could be observed in the waves, and some sort of regularity in the wind; that it always blew a gale, but sometimes it blew worse and sometimes worst. No one spoke—for that matter, no one would have been heard, if he had been singing. How long did it last? I have not the faintest conception of time over the whole business. Looking back at it now, I seem to have lost all count of time. It seemed that my rowing had lasted an eternity; as if I had been always rowing; as if life never had been, in reality, anything, and never could be anything again but sitting in a life-boat, doing one's best to keep one's wits about one, to do one's duty, and to row without shirking. Every now and then, I felt a sort of vague wonder as to whether I should ever get back again; but, in the midst of those wild and furious waves, the sensation of battle was too strong to admit of fear. I may safely say that I was not afraid; and yet the storm was worse, I heard afterward, than anything the boatman had ever experienced. There came a time more terrible than any we had had before, for we drew near to the wretched craft that had gone upon the sands. And now my pen fails me. I cannot describe the brief five minutes we spent alongside the vessel we had come to help. I could see nothing but a whirling crest of the wave and foam breaking over her. I grew wild with excitement. I tried to keep myself calm and collected, but in vain. I only know that, in what seemed a moment, we were away from her again, with bows pointed to the shore; and that at the feet of the coxswain lay a woman's form, crouched in a heap, senseless, inanimate. The sailors on board, I learned afterward, had just time to sling the woman on board us, when a wave, greater and more furious than any of the rest, took the boat amidships—she was only a little craft, of thirty tons or so, laden with eggs and potatoes, from Boulogne or Calais—and washed the little crew of half a dozen overboard together.

More battling with the spirits of the storm; but this time we had the woman with us—one life at least saved; and if ever men pulled with a will, we did on that fearful night.

Thank God!—the beach! Fifty stout hands to drag us up the shingle. Fifty men to help us out of the boat. Proffers of brandy enough to make a Dutchman drunk. And in the boat-house, my old governor himself, trying not to look affected. He seized my hand first—for there was a lot of hand-shaking going on—

"Bravely done, my boy!" he said. "I'm proud of you! And now make haste home, for your mother is anxious."

"Stay a moment, sir. Let us first look after our passenger."

They were lifting her out, and were touching her closed lips with brandy. She was still senseless. Young, with straight and regular features, long black hair, that hung dank and dripping upon her shoulders, eyelashes that fringed her closed eyes and lay upon her cold cheek. Dressed in some sort of silk, with one ring on her finger—not a wedding-ring—her bonnet had been blown away, with her shawls or wrappers, and a sailor's jacket was thrown over her shoulders by one of the rough bystanders.

In a few moments she opened her eyes.

"Ah! mon Dieu! mon Dieu!" she murmured.

"She is a Frenchwoman," I said to my father. "What is to be done with her?"

"Done with her!—done with her! Take her home with us, and look after her, of course. What should be done with her? Here, my lads, bustle about! Get a cart, or a carriage, or something. Bring her along, and fetch a doctor."

The General gave his orders in his usual quick, abrupt fashion, and presently a little procession was formed, and we marched through the town with our burden, who was sensible, but passively allowed herself to be carried.

They put her to bed, my mother sitting up with her; and presently the doctor came.

"Young lady has had a shock to her nervous system. Little delirious at present, General. Soon get over it. Find out friends. Rejoice their hearts. Congratulate you on the night's work, young man. You're a Deal boatman yourself, now."

There was nothing in her pockets but a purse with a little money; no letters, no name on her clothes, except the initials A. C.; nothing whatever to mark her identity. And she was delirious.

My mother attended her. The patient's brain was fixed upon one delusion. She thought that people were hunting her; she saw her persecutors approaching; she shrieked with terror as they drew nearer; she cried to my mother to hide her. And sometimes, when they seemed to have caught her, she would turn her face to the pillow and moan pitifully, declaring that she had not done it—that it was another—that it was his own fault.

"Great nervous shock," said the doctor. "Seems a lady. White hands. No work done by them, at any rate. Shall pull her round, General."

She took time, however, to be pulled round; and it was not till three weeks after her rough landing upon our shore that she came down one morning to breakfast, leaning upon my mother's arm, dressed in some white stuff, and looking wonderfully beautiful in her pallor and fragility.

"I cannot," she said, speaking French—"I cannot thank you sufficiently, M. le General—and you, madame—and you, sir, for all that you have done for me; and the time has come when I ought not only to thank you and explain myself, but to prepare for my departure."

"No thanks necessary at all," growled my father. "We are not stocks and stones. Tell us only, mademoiselle, if you please, your name and address, that we may write to your friends, and set their minds at ease about you."

"Madame tells me that I have been delirious," she said; "and that, in my brain-wanderings, I have never spoken of my friends—only of my enemies."

"Always as if you were being hunted down, my poor child," said my mother.

"It is curious, for I have no enemies; on the other hand, I have no friends."

"No friends, mademoiselle!—no relations?" asked my father.

"Only a cousin who is in the army in Algeria, and another who is in the Infanterie de la Marine in New Caledonia. Besides these, none. My name, my kind friends—whom I shall ever think of with love and respect—is Adrienne de Comarmond. My father—now dead, as well as my poor mother—was an officer in the army, a colonel. He left me in charge of his sister, my aunt, Mdlle. de Comarmond. She, too, died six weeks ago, and left me with nothing but a few letters of introduction to people in England, who, she said, would help me to get a situation as governess. To them I was going. But where are the letters? Alas! all is lost—my wardrobe, my letters, my little tokens of recollection, everything." She stopped, and buried her face in her hands; then went on. "The captain of the little vessel which was wrecked knew my father well. He had been in his regiment years ago. He took me over, the poor man, for nothing. Ah, if I become rich, I would help his widow. And that, madame, is all my story. If you will add to your kindness by telling me of some place, however poor, in London, where a demoiselle may live for a short time until she gets a place, you will add still more to that deep debt of gratitude which I can never pay—which I would rather not pay."

"A governess?—well—well—" said my father, uneasily. "Yes, we might find you a place. But what do you say, wife?"

"I say that Mdlle. de Comarmond must stay a little longer with us, and get strong first. We will talk about business afterward."

"Ah, madame, you are too kind. See, now, I am very clever. I know English, oh! a little—a very little. But I am quick, I shall soon know it well. I play the piano, I play the harp, I sing, I draw, I paint—oh, I am very clever! I shall make an excellent *institutrice*. But you are too kind, madame."

So, without more words, mademoiselle stayed with us. She made rapid progress in her English. She had been taught to read, but of course, in her out-of-the-way convent, had not the most rudimentary idea of speaking English—her accent being at first something atrocious. But she insisted on our talking as if she understood every word; and in a few weeks grew to comprehend most things, and to express her own ideas with tolerable fluency.

The thing that most struck me about this French girl was her extraordinary fragility of appearance. She seemed to be almost ethereal. Hands of the tiniest—mere child's hands, only the fingers were so thin and long; a wrist which seemed incapable of bearing the slightest burden; and tiny feet—when you came to see them, which was not often, for mademoiselle was jealous of her charms—like Chinese feet for smallness, though not for shape; all her ways, too, gentle and delicate, as if anything rough and uncouth was positively unknown to her. And as she recovered gradually from the long shock of her illness, and her features filled up, we—or at least one of us—began to notice her wonderful beauty. It was not the ordinary beauty of a Frenchwoman—that much maligned creature of incomparable grace, who is accused of having no beauty; nor was it the beauty of an Italian, far less of a German type. It seemed almost as if on one of the noblest stocks of France had been grafted the gypsy blood. I know not why I thought so, because she was of a perfect whiteness. Her eyes, black and full, had a sort of Eastern limpidness, something like that of the Syrian almond eye; the lashes were long, and she had a trick of half shutting the lids, and lazily looking at things through her drooping lashes. To my mother, who had no companion, the presence of this girl brought an inexpressible and daily increasing source of comfort. For she had the power of divining what ought to be done and what ought to be said. Never for a moment servile, she yet paid her patrons for their kindness with a thousand little daily acts of attention and consideration. She read to my father; she went about the house with my mother, and helped her in all sorts of ways; and in the evening played to us. Ah, heavens! how she played!—with what passion, with what depth and intensity of emotion, till the keys spoke, and sang their "Lieder ohne Worte" better than if Swinburne had set verses to them. Or sometimes—but not often, because her singing was not so good as her playing—she sang little French songs, of a light and innocent kind, such things as they teach girls in convents, like the mildest and most harmless Champagne. As for the question of her departure, it was put off altogether—postponed *sine die* by tacit consent; and she became part of ourselves.

It was in the end of November, one of those late autumn days which belie the evil character given to this month, that as I was strolling back home, after going into the town, I saw her tripping lightly out of the house, dressed in her usual neat and unpretending style, and looking a hundred times better dressed than half the women one meets in the park.

"Is it you, Monsieur Edward? I am going to post madam's letters, and to buy some ribbons."

"Come for a walk with me, instead. I will post the letters for you, and the ribbons will wait."

She hesitated a moment, and then turned back with me, prattling in her pretty way of all things under Heaven and on earth.

We passed on beyond the last houses to the north of Deal, beyond Sandown Castle, and came to the old pathway called the Sand Hills, which lies between Sandwich and Deal, and is a short cut. This leads away from the beach; and we followed it, in perfect unconcern whither it might take us.

It is a wild, desolate pathway. Scarcely any one walks along it by day or night. Merely a track, marked by feet of occasional wayfarers. On the right, the mounds of grass-grown sand which have given it its name. Climb over them, and you will see a scene of desolation stretching to the sea, like the Wilderness of Judah, where, mound after mound, the sand-hills rise and fall; on the left, a ditch, overgrown with duckweed and marsh-mallow, where occasionally you see a water rat hurrying into his amphibious home somewhere in the banks.

Gradually, the influences of the wild place seemed to sober my companion. She walked in silence, glancing curiously from side to side, and with eyes that seemed looking at something in the far distance, as one who sits and thinks he sees some place miles away, where he has not been for many a year.

I, too, became silent; and we strolled along, saying nothing to each other. Presently, on the edge of the ditch, we came to a stone which I never remembered to have seen there before. It was the size of an ordinary milestone, square-shaped, and an inscription on it:

HERE MARY DAX WAS
MURDERED BY MICHAEL LARK,
SEAMAN AND FOREIGNER,
SEPT. 26, 1767.
HE WAS AFTERWARD HANGED FOR THE
OFFENCE.

I read it aloud, and shuddered. My companion read it, and turned pale.

"An awful place for a murder," I said, looking around. "A wild, desolate place—the spot which a murderer would choose. Can we not fancy him bringing his victim out here on that quiet September night, far away from any house, and then deliberately doing her to death? See, he would hide her body in the ditch; then wash his hands, and go away again. How was he found out? Murder is always found out, you know. But, mademoiselle, in Heaven's name, what is the matter?"

If she was pale before, she was ghastly now. Her lips were white, her brow studded with drops that seemed wrung out in agony; her eyes—those beautiful, limpid eyes—strained with a fearful expression of misery, pain and expectation! her hands held out before her, palms downward, in an attitude of the most miserable despair.

"Mademoiselle, what is it?"

She fell fainting toward me. I caught her up as she fell, and laid her on the grass. Then, although the water in the ditch looked foul and muddy, it was better than nothing, and I filled my hat with it, and sprinkled her face and forehead. In a moment she recovered and sat upright.

"Ah!" she said, "I suppose I have walken too far. I am not strong, you know. Wait a moment, and I shall be well again."

She turned her head, and read the inscription again.

"Ah, miserable stone!" she said, with a faint smile; "you have frightened me, you and your inscription—and you, Monsieur Edward, who wanted to draw a picture of the horrible murder. Come, let us run away and leave it!"

She walked back with a sort of feverish activity, and talked incessantly; only I fancied she talked too quickly. Evidently she was not well. I had overtasked her strength. As we reached the house, she said to me, with more emphasis than was necessary for so simple a request—

"Promise me, Monsieur Edward, that you will not say a word to madame about this wretched fainting fit of mine. She is so kind that she will be frightened."

Of course I promised.

That night she did not come down to dinner, having a headache; and the whole of the next day kept her room.

"The following day, I found her sitting in the little room which was my mother's favorite, which looked upon the sea, and was fitted with rose-colored curtains, her pet color—and for the matter of that, Adrienne's too. Did I say that I had got in the habit of thinking of her as Adrienne? Perhaps it was from hearing my mother call her so. The General always called her his "little ally," and used to make little jokes about the *entente cordiale*. But then his generalship, and his acquaintance with the French too, dated back to the Crimean war. He has been spared, poor old man, the agony and humiliation of seeing his old comrades in the field despoiled and conquered—made to sign a treaty more greedy and grasping on the part of the conquerors, more barbarous, more pitiless than anything since the days of Brennus, while England looked on and said nothing.

She was sitting on the sofa reading, with the warm rose light falling full upon her face. I never saw her look so lovely. My heart gave a great leap, and my throat seemed to swell and prevent me from speaking as I looked at her.

She raised her eyes and smiled. I could bear it no longer. I was only five and twenty, which is some excuse. I threw myself down at her feet, and seized her hands, crying, in broken tones—

"Adrienne—my own Adrienne, I love you. It is I whose stupid folly made you suffer—my poor, fragile, sensitive child. Forgive me, for I love you."

She let her hands lie in mine for a moment, and then withdrew them gently.

"Forgive you," she said, "why not? What is there to forgive?"

"But I said more, Adrienne. I said I loved you."

"In my country, people only say that when they are married."

"But we are in England now. Ah, dearest, bear with me—hear me plead my own love."

Did I love her? Even now I cannot answer that question. For five years I have been trying to find out whether I really loved her or whether it was only the passing fancy of a man for the beauty of a woman, in her case heightened by all the circumstances connected with her—the wreck, the life-boat, my own share in her rescue, her own fragility of appearance. We may fall in love a hundred times. There is no period between eighteen and eight and forty when there is not a possible wife among our acquaintance. But real love, or what we read of, I do not know. If ever I felt it, it was that moment when I knelt at her feet, while she lay upon the couch, and I longed with all the strength of my soul to fold her in my arms, and feed my hungry heart with kisses.

"Monsieur Edward," she said, "would it not be a dishonorable thing for me to listen to you? See, I am a poor girl. I am living here on the bounty of your parents. Nay, go away, be silent—I cannot listen."

"But if they gave consent—if then, my Adrienne?"

"Alas!" she murmured, "they will not."

I snatched her hand again and kissed it, and left her.

I went straight to my father, and told him my story. By great good luck, he was that day entirely free from gout. He wagged his head from side to side for five minutes, and then nodded it up and down for five minutes more. This was his way of turning the matter over in all its lights. Then he said he would think over it. That meant he would go by my mother's decision.

I went to her and pleaded—not in vain; for my mother was more in love with Adrienne than any of us.

Why linger over a time which is, to me above all, a bitter time to look back upon? I am sorry I began my story at all, because of the bitter pain of finishing it. We left Deal at the end of November, and returned to our own place in Hertfordshire. I went up to town, got called, made the usual arrangements common to young barristers who have not the smallest reason for expecting any practice—*i. e.*, took chambers for the transaction of as much work as Sir Roundell Palmer has to do—announced my approaching marriage, and then went down into the country, not to leave it again till I brought away my bride. It was arranged that we were to be married at the New Year.

I got down to —— Hall a fortnight before Christmas. It was glorious weather—frosty, cold, bright. We had a little skating and plenty of walking. Adrienne did not care much about going out; so our own house was filled with people night after night, and we had impromptu dances, charades and private theatricals. And then I found another accomplishment in my *fiancée*, for she was an accomplished actress. To please her, we performed little French pieces—the proverbs of Alfred de Musset, and those light and airy sketches where everything depends upon the acting. I dare say our own performances were bad enough—at least my father was never tired of laughing at our accent; but Adrienne carried us through, and even at times inspired us with the power of acting, through the mere contagion of her own enthusiasm. And she seemed happy too. The old fits of sadness, which had been wont to come over her, sometimes for days together, vanished altogether. To myself she was ever the same, cold and undemonstrative, and unresisting. I might play with her delicate fingers, and run my hand through her hair as we sat together. I might kiss her cheek, if I pleased. I might call her all endearing epithets. She only seemed to yield. I thought little of her coldness at the time, which seemed to me maiden modesty. Afterwards, it helped to explain a great deal. And myself? I cannot understand, as I have said, my own feelings. I regarded her with an intensity of admiration which I can never again feel for another woman. For there does not, I believe, exist a woman in the world, so bright, so ready to understand, so full of tact. But while I lavished my caresses upon her, and persuaded myself that I was madly in love with her, there was yet altogether wanting that softening of the heart at the very sound of her name, that trembling at her presence, which belongs to a young man's first love. I was not—I think I could not have been—really in love with her. I was only dreaming of love. I was enchanted with her presence. I remember, one evening, we were reading poetry. I read to her Coleridge's most exquisite poem, "Genevieve." When I had read the verses, I looked up at her. There was no emotion in her eyes, which met mine with her cold and lustrous look; and for the moment my heart fell. But no misgivings on my part—none; no disloyalty to the pledge of my heart; no shaking of my faith. Adrienne was mine, and I was hers. We were to be one. Little by little the petals of that sweet and delicate blossom of love would unfold in her, till I should have the full flower—an immortal Rose of Jericho. By degrees, I thought, I should learn to read all the secret workings of an entirely pure and unsullied page, a maiden's mind; until the *rapport* between us should be that most mystical and wonderful, the perfect union of two souls, wrought by the power of wedded love.

Alas! alas!—dreams—dreams—doomed to be shattered and destroyed!

On Christmas Eve we sat, we and our guests, round the big fire in the great hall, talking, and singing, and drinking punch, after the good old English fashion, which my father would not alter. He sat on one side in his great arm-chair. At his feet lay Adrienne, her head upon his knees, his hand in her hair, and caressing her smooth cheek. My mother was opposite. I, my heart full of happiness, next her. My father had been telling some stories of his Crimean campaign. He loved to talk of the war where he had won his rank and his title, especially to Adrienne, before whom he dilated upon the bravery of our gallant allies, and the friendships he had formed among them; and presently twelve o'clock struck.

"It is Christmas Day," said my father. "God bless us, every one! Only a week now, my children, and you will be a married pair. I pray that you may be as happy as your mother and I."

The tears came into his eyes, as he spoke with a full heart. Our guests were all old friends, before whom he could speak unreservedly.

"Wedded life," he went on, after a pause, "is the only happy life. Edward, you do well to marry young. I could not. I was obliged to wait till I was thirty-five. I am not going to tell anybody how old you were, mamma."

"Indeed you may," said my mother. "I was past thirty when we married. The bloom was off my youth."

"You are always beautiful, my dear," said the General. "God has been very good to us, my friends. I am not so thankful as I ought to be. Truly, we have been spared all trouble; no sadness has come to my home—no disgrace to any of mine—no evil has fallen upon us."

That night, how well I remember it, and the General's last words of thanksgiving because no evil had fallen upon us!

The evil was even then fallen, but we knew it not. That was reserved for the morning.

It was after church. Adrienne and myself were sitting alone by the fireside. Her hand was in mine; and in perfect happiness, I sat silent.

There was the sound of wheels as a carriage drove up to the door, and in a few moments the servant opened the door, and gave me a card with the name of John Probyn written upon it.

"Who is Mr. John Probyn?" I asked.

The question had no answer, for the owner of the card, a tall, strong-looking man, followed the servant into the room.

Adrienne rose to go.

"Pray don't go, mademoiselle," said our visitor; "I have most particular and private business, in which your presence is necessary."

She sat down without saying a word, carelessly. I motioned the stranger to a seat.

"Perhaps," he said, "you will excuse my locking the door. My business is of a most painful nature."

What could it be? I stared at him.

He put his hand in his pocket, and pulled out a paper.

"I am very sorry, Mr. ——, most sorry. Prepare yourself for the most terrible thing that can happen to you."

Adrienne was lividly white—white as when I had laid her on the grass beside the murderer's stone at Deal; and her hands were shaking in her lap, as she tried vainly to look unconcerned.

"Terrible thing! What terrible thing? Speak, man!" I cried.

"I must do my business at once," said he. "Cruelty is the best kindness."

He made a step toward Adrienne, and called her by a new name—

"Amélie Clairet."

She sat motionless, save for the trembling of her lips.

"Amélie Clairet, you know why I am here."

She rose, putting her hand in her pocket. I noticed the gesture. The man was looking at me.

Then she came to me, and put her hand upon my shoulder.

"My friend—you will let me have a few words with him, will you not, Mr. Probyn? In your presence—oh! *bien entendu*—my friend, when your father thanked God last night that no evil thing had ever happened to him or his, I prayed solemnly that should the evil thing I feared come upon him, it might come before next week. I thank God, now, that my prayer is answered. I am not Adrienne de Comarmond at all. I am Amélie Clairet, an actress—Amélie Clairet, a murderess!"

My lips parted, but I could not speak.

"I invented my lies to save myself. But I always knew I should be found out. The rest I could not help. If only you had not fallen in love with me, all would have been well; for it would not then have mattered."

She let go my shoulder, and staggered to a seat. There was a tumbler and water on the table. Mr. Probyn poured out a glass, and gave it her. In a moment she went on again.

"Amélie Clairet, the murderess. I will tell you about it. You shall know the whole truth—and then you may hate me if you will. I cannot undo the past.

"I was young, and he loved me—my bright, my handsome, my darling Alfred. He was a gentleman, and I was not a lady. He could never marry me. What did I care? Marriage! Pah! It was invented by priests to make themselves strong. My father always said so. We loved each other, and we were happy. He was an officer in a cavalry regiment. Ah! mon Dieu! mon Dieu! how happy was I!

"He used to come and see me act every evening, with his brother officers. I always acted better when they were there. There is nothing I would not have done for the dear old regiment to which he belonged. I knew every officer in it, and all their stories—every sergeant—almost every man, and they all knew me. Ask them, if you will, what they would not have done for Mademoiselle Clairet, the actress.

"There's something wrong in this world—something that might be set right—something that prevents people from being happy. It is with everybody—even, you see, Monsieur Edward, with that poor old man, that good man, that kind and brave man, your father. Alas! that he should ever have met with me. It was so with me. We were stationed—I mean the regiment was stationed—at Lyons. There was a young *avocat* who was in love with me. Why, I do not know. He threw bouquets for me on the stage; he sent me letters; he sent me fruit and flowers to my lodgings. At last he called himself one day. He threw himself at my feet, and begged me to marry him. He was ready to go anywhere, and do anything—to sacrifice all for my sake. I laughed at him—in the abundance of my happiness I laughed at him. Then he rose to his feet and called me names—called me a coquette, a heartless actress, and so on. I laughed the louder. Then he went away from me. I laughed again. At the theatre that night people looked at me earnestly, my colleagues whispered among each other; but no one told me anything.

"Next day I was not at the theatre at all; for the lawyer had gone straight from me to a café, and met my lover—my Alfred—and insulted him. They fought at daybreak, and with pistols; and my Alfred was lying, when I ought to have appeared on the stage, dead upon his bed; and I standing beside him, swearing on his pale, cold lips, that I would avenge his death.

"That was last May. All this has happened, you see, within a year. I had a little money, and I left the stage; but I did not leave my plan of revenge. That I nursed and watched, while it grew and grew in my brain, and became ever a deeper purpose.

"I kept myself informed of my *avocat's* doings. He never saw me, and I suppose had forgotten my existence. I bought a revolver, and learned how to use it; but I waited my time.

"In September, he went North to Normandy, with his wife. I forgot to say that he was married. Yes; this made it the better for me, you see, because the revenge would be the greater. I went, too, disguised, like an actress as I am, so that even he should not recognize me. Then, in that quiet little place by the sea side, I sat and watched.

"One evening—it was September the 26th, 1867, this very year—exactly one hundred years after that murder was done at Deal, Monsieur Edward—now you know why I turned pale, and fainted—I saw him walking along the sands, away from the town. It was a lonely walk; no one ever passed along that way. It was a wild and desolate place that the walk led to; not a heath, like that place at Deal, but a cliff, up which the path climbed, and then passed along the edge, lonely and deserted. I put on my hat, and took my pistol, and followed.

"For half an hour he strolled leisurely along, smoking a segar—I a hundred yards behind him. Then he stopped, and after looking out at the sea for a few moments, turned idly back. I tore off my false hair, and stood before him in the path.

"'Mademoiselle Clairet!' he gasped.

"'I am Amélie Clairet,' I said. 'You remember, monsieur, that morning, four months ago, when you stood by the riverside, above my lover's dead body?'

"'Mademoiselle has no right to reproach me with that fatal accident. I deplore it greatly.'

"'Murderer! whose was the insult? Whose fault was it that the duel took place?'

"'At least we had an equal chance. I risked my life.'

"'Yes, you risked yours to take his. You risked yours to revenge yourself on me. You staked your life against my happiness, and you won the stake; but it is my turn now!'

"I raised my hand and fired. I missed. He rushed upon me. I steadied my nerves, and when he was only a few feet from me—when I could feel almost his hot breath upon my face, and could see the wild fear in his eyes—I fired again. He fell, and never spoke. To make my vengeance sure, I fired the other four chambers into him.

"Then I walked down the cliff, and made my way back to Paris. I wrote to an officer of the regiment—my regiment—and told him what I had done. He came to Paris, and hid me for a time. Then, because he could hide me no longer, he brought me to the coast; and on that day in October, when you saved me, he put me in the little vessel that was wrecked. Now you know all.

"I am sorry," she said, bursting into tears—she had kept dry-eyed while she told the tale—"I am sorry—oh! so sorry, for the General and madame, and you—oh! so very, very sorry—tell me that you forgive me, Monsieur Edward, tell me that you forgive me! What could I do otherwise? Oh, mon Dieu! what could I have done? Forgive me!"

She knelt at my feet. I could not answer, but by a sigh. I raised her up, and kissed her. As I kissed her, her forehead became cold—ice-cold. She stood erect for a moment; from her hand there fell a little bottle, which broke upon the floor—she had not touched it—and then, in a moment—I hardly saw her fall, because my eyes were dimmed, she lay upon the carpet, dead.

Her heart was broken long before. The misery of remorse—the dread of detection had broken it; and then the sudden shock came, and it ceased to beat.

Shall I go on? The General and my mother never knew. That Mr. Probyn was with us on law business connected with me was stated by that good fellow himself, at the inquest, with the most complete readiness, to save us pain. We buried her in the country churchyard, in our own family vault. My broken-hearted father followed her a short year afterward, and the dreadful secret is mine alone.

* * *

A SAD OCCURRENCE.

A Young Lady Falls Dead in a Church a Few Minutes After Being Confirmed.

The Savannah News says:—On Christmas morning one of the saddest and most appalling incidents occurred at Christ Church that has been known in this city. The morning services had been concluded, and the candidates for confirmation, ten in number, were invited to the altar. Of these was Miss Lizzie Spencer—a most estimable young lady, about sixteen years of age, daughter of Captain W. H. Spencer—who was occupying a seat in the middle of the gallery to the right on entering the church. She came down-stairs and moved up the aisles with the others, her young face revealing the deep seriousness which her heart felt. She approached the altar with the others, and was confirmed according to the rites of the church by Right Reverend Bishop Beckwith. After the confirmation ceremonies, Miss Spencer returned to her seat in the gallery, and had scarcely taken it when her head sank forward on the railing. Those in the vicinity attached no significance to this, imagining that it was merely an act of devotion, when suddenly the young lady sank from her seat, and would have fallen upon the floor, but for the promptness of Dr. W. H. Elliott (next whose pew she was sitting), who caught her in his arms. Three or four gentlemen immediately approached and assisted in carrying her from the church. Considerable interest was occasioned in the congregation, whose attention was attracted by the commotion in the gallery, but the general inference was that the young lady, overcome by her feelings, had fainted. Alas! such was not the case. The gentlemen who were tenderly carrying the almost lifeless form noticed on going down the stairs that the gasps which now and then shook the frame grew fainter and fainter on reaching the vestibule.

"Then life gave way, and the last rosy breath
Went in that deep-drawn sigh."

A conveyance was at once procured, and the lifeless form of the young lady was taken to her father's residence on Liberty street.

The announcement of this sad and melancholy ending of a life just dedicated to the service of the Lord sent a thrill of solemn grief through the congregation.

Bishop Beckwith alluded to this visitation of Providence in a most feeling manner, and expressed the hope that all present might be as fully prepared to appear before their Maker, when summoned, as he believed the young lady, who but a few minutes before had stood before the altar in the freshness and glory of youth. His remarks touching the uncertainty of life, as illustrated by this sad incident, were very impressive, and were deeply felt by the congregation.

But a few months since it was our painful duty to record the death of Mrs. Spencer, the mother of this young lady, who died suddenly at her residence of heart disease, whilst playing with her little child. The death of her daughter was produced by the same terrible disease. She has had the care of the little sister since the decease of her mother, and was the main stay and comfort of her father. He was absent from the city on Wednesday, attending to his duties as pilot, when the summons of this terrible affliction reached him.

* * *

☞ Come sisters, now your brothers are home from the schools, try those youths with a bit of dictation. This has been sent me by a young lady, who says that a prize was offered at the Teacher's Institute which she attended, to any one who could spell the whole correctly: "It is an agreeable sight to witness the unparalleled embarrassment of a harassed pedlar gauging the symmetry of a peeled potatoe, which a sibyl has stabbed with a poniard regardless of the innuendoes of the lilies of carnelian hue."

☞ A La Crosse man invented a gun which he claimed wouldn't go off by accident. But one night it actually went off without being loaded. A thief got into his house, and the gun went off along with a number of other articles.

A RAILROAD ADVENTURE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY W. P. CHAMBERS.

The westward bound train moved slowly out of the busy town, and as the distance from the depot increased, the speed of the locomotive seemed to increase in a corresponding ratio. It was fairly under full headway when the conductor reached the rear car collecting fare and tickets. On the last seat sat a young lady, scarcely more than a girl, seemingly isolated from all around her. She was dressed in deep mourning, and was closely veiled; yet one would be apt to imagine that so trim a figure—so lithe and graceful—was adorned by a beautiful face. At least, such was the mental conclusion of the conductor, Bingham Raynor, as he approached her with the professional "Ticket, miss." It was handed him without a word. Glancing at it, the conductor saw her destination was Austin, his own home. Having nothing farther to do, at present, he essayed to open a conversation with his passenger.

"Pardon my inquisitiveness," said he, "but is your home at Austin?"

"No, sir."

"Visiting there?" persisted he, not disposed to be so easily rebuffed.

"No, sir, I do not know a single person there."

For once in his life Bingham Raynor was nonplussed. He had fought his way from poverty and ignorance, and obscurity to a comparatively honorable position. Through it all he had retained his sterling integrity and straightforward bluntness, and to-day not one of the employees on the road stood so high in the estimation of the company as he.

Chivalric as honest, his heart was touched by a slight tremor in the girl's voice, and his bluntness impelled him to make a direct proffer of assistance.

"Can I serve you in any way?"

"If not troubling you too much, you can see me safely landed at and recommend me to a cheap but respectable hotel."

"Certainly," was the reply, "but, as I live in the same city, perhaps I can be of some further service."

"Do you reside in Austin?"

"I do," was the response.

"Do you know either of these gentlemen?" and the speaker drew forth a letter of recommendation to two or three of the most respectable citizens of that capital.

"Yes, I know them all," said he, "Mr. Graves is in the next car. I will bring him in presently."

The girl had raised her veil, and, as the conductor saw her face, he started.

"Pardon me, but what is your name?—you remind me so much of some one I have seen."

Again she handed him the letter. It stated that Miss Jennie Mixon had shown herself a thoroughly competent teacher in S—— Academy, Alabama, and warmly recommending her to the gentlemen to whom it was addressed.

The conductor sat silent for some time, repeating to himself the name "Jennie Mixon" time and again. At last he said, as he slowly returned the letter.

"Miss Mixon, will you tell me why you came West, and why you are travelling alone?"

The girl eyed him keenly; but there was so much honesty in his look—such a wistful pleading in his eyes, that she felt drawn toward him, and instinct or intuition assured her she might safely confide in him.

"I came," said she, "in the first place, to earn a living."

"Could you not do so where you were?"

"Yes; but you did not let me finish. In the second place, I have a brother somewhere, he was in Texas, or rather on his way there, when I heard from him last. I shall endeavor to find him if alive."

"What is your brother's name?"

"Bingham Raynor."

"And yet yours is Mixon."

"An adopted one, however."

Raynor was undecided how to act. Was this indeed his little fairy sister Jennie, whom he remembered so well in the long ago? Was it possible that she was yet living, and that this was she? And their mother, whose image was ever before him, and whose memory was a beatific vision—where was she? These and a thousand other questions passed through his mind. At length he said—

"I know Bingham Raynor. Will you tell me something of your history, that I may judge whether he is your brother?"

"Do you know him? Where does he live?"

"In Austin, but I will not excite false hopes. Tell me some portions of your history, Miss Mixon, and then I can inform you whether the Bingham Raynor I know, is your brother?"

The girl hesitated. Was she doing right to confide so much to a stranger? Yet she had long since learned to depend upon herself, and her self dependence had taught lessons of worldly wisdom, many women never learn at all. When she looked at the conductor again, saw his manly, but excited face, and the hungry look in his eyes, she felt perfectly safe in speaking freely to the man before her.

At that moment the engine whistled, the train gradually drew up, stopped, started again, a station was passed, and another round must be made by the conductor. As soon as possible, he returned to the girl, and she told him her story, as follows:

"When I can first remember, we—my father and mother, only brother and myself—lived in Mobile. While I was still very young my father died. We then lived in a very poor house, and my brother, who was about ten years old, worked very hard to earn a little money. I think father had been dead about two years, when mother married a man named Murray. I think he was a bad man; for he used to be drunk a great deal, and would then beat my brother. Sometimes he would beat mother and me. One night he came home cursing a great deal, and seemed very drunk. I think he and mother sat up all night. Mother awoke brother and me before day, and told us to dress ourselves, as we had to go away. She was crying all the time. Just before we got to the boat Murray beat my brother, and told him he should not go with us, and we left him crying on the wharf. I have never seen him since." A quiver crept into the girl's voice as she ceased.

"And what of yourself and mother?" asked the listener, more deeply agitated than he cared to show.

"Murray made us go with him on the boat. It started before sunrise, and we all stayed in a state room. I don't think mother stopped crying any more. When above Selma," and the graceful figure shuddered with emotion, "there was a terrible explosion. Mother was never found."

The speaker and her listener were both in tears.

"After that," continued she, "Murray took me to a house and left me. He moved me two or three times, and at last did not come back any more. We heard he was killed in a drunken brawl. After living one or two years at different places, I was adopted by Mr. Hugh Mixon. He went to Mobile to find my brother, but could only learn that he had gone to Texas on a boat two years before. This he learned from the Captain of the boat on which he went. Two years ago Mr. Mixon died. His property was all lost during the war, and I went to teaching for a living. Saving a little money, I determined to seek my brother. My employers had friends in Austin to whom they recommended me."

"I am sure the Bingham Raynor I know, is your brother, and I shall take great pleasure in conducting you to his home when we arrive in Austin. But there is the whistle again!"

In the next car sat Mr. Graves and his son Roger, a young M. D. of five-and-twenty years of age. Near them our conductor next took his seat.

"Well, Raynor," said the former, "what keeps you in the ladies' car so much? I must inform Lizzie!" but something in Raynor's face caused the laugh to die on his lips.

"Sir!" exclaimed the other, hurriedly, "I have found my sister! She is in the next car."

"Indeed!" and Mr Graves half rose from his seat.

"Yes! and she don't know me yet." And then he gave his listeners a brief summary of what had occurred in the other car. "I have promised to introduce you. I want her to remain in ignorance of my identity until she arrives at my house. I want to surprise her."

And thus it was arranged. Raynor conducted Mr. Graves and Roger to where Miss Mixon sat, and after introducing them left them alone.

On sped the train. Station after station was passed, and as the shades of night were beginning to fall around them, the last stopping-place was behind them. The conductor joined the little group.

"Oh, sir," said Miss Mixon, "Mr. Graves informs me that my brother is married—is married to his daughter. I want to thank you now for your kindness."

No reply was made. A shrill scream from the locomotive,—a double scream,—and the affrighted passengers looked out to see another train rounding a curve, a few hundred yards ahead. A collision was inevitable.

Her brother gave one look at the trembling girl—then turning to Roger he said, in a low tone, "Save her!" Then facing the passengers, he cried out distinctly:

"Jump for your lives!" and moved rapidly toward the front car.

"You, too, Raynor!" cried Mr. Graves, but he was gone.

Clasping the girl in his arms, Roger Graves leaped from the flying train. Together they rolled down the embankment, with fifty other human beings, nor could they stop till the collision came.

A dreadful crash; a tumbling of cars down the steep bank—and all was still, save the groans and screams of the wounded. Bewildered, but unhurt, Miss Mixon arose to a sitting posture. By her side lay her preserver, with a broken arm. Before she could speak, Mr. Graves came up.

"Are you hurt, Roger?"

"Not much. Where is Bingham?"

"I will see. Are you hurt, Miss Mixon?"

"No, sir. Who is Bingham?"

Mr. Graves was gone, but Roger answered: "Bingham Raynor, *your brother*. He is the conductor."

"Oh, God! have mercy!" cried the girl, as she started to her feet.

"Stay!" said Roger, feebly detaining her. "Father will find him. It is no place for you down there."

The young man arose, while the girl bound her scarf around his broken arm.

"Stay here," continued he, "till I come back."

"Let me go, too,—please do!"

"No; you shall not," replied he. "Assist that lady whose ankle is sprained;" and he moved away, as she went to her allotted task.

Roger found his father kneeling over the mangled body of the conductor, in among the crushed and splintered cars.

"Does he live?" he asked.

"He breathes," was the reply. "Roger, for God's sake, tell me what to do! Is there any other doctor here? You can do nothing with that broken arm."

"I think Dr. Winston was on the train. I will see."

"Hurry! or he will bleed to death."

He was met by Miss Mixon

"Did you find him?"

"Yes—this way, Dr. Winston!"

"Is he—*dead*?"

"No, but badly hurt."

"Take me to him, please."

"Not yet, I will move him soon, you can go to yonder cabin, I will take him there."

Carefully and rapidly they tied up the severed arteries, and moved the insensible form to the cabin. Dr. Graves met the sister at the door.

"Does he live?"

"Yes. *Be firm and strong*, my dear Miss Mixon."

The wounded man was placed on a couch. As the sister bent over him, leaning on Dr. Graves she felt a shiver creep over his frame, and despite her efforts he fell heavily to the floor. Dr. Winston adjusted the broken arm, and he soon revived. And there by her brother's couch the long separated sister spent the first night of their reunion.

But few other persons were seriously hurt, though several were killed. Early next morning the wounded were conveyed to the city—among them Bingham Raynor. He had become conscious about daybreak, but he was so weak he could only smile when he saw his sister, and after answering a few questions fell asleep murmuring "Lizzie."

They took him home, where his sister first met the stricken wife and laughing babe, and by his bedside in the months that followed, grew up a friendship and admiration of each other between the two women, that promises to be lasting as life itself.

When a consultation of two of the ablest surgeons in the city was held, it was decided that Raynor would have to lose an arm and one of his lower limbs. He heard the decision with calmness, and cheerfully bore the consequent confinement to his room. Months afterward, he emerged from his room on crutches a cripple for life.

An investigation had been made by the company, and Raynor was exonerated from all blame. *He was on time*; but the other conductor and engineer had both been arraigned before a higher tribunal than man's. Though obliged to resign his position as Conductor, Raynor was made General Passenger Agent of the Road, with a handsome salary, which he still enjoys.

One day during his convalescence his sister said:

"Bingham, you have never told me *your story*. What became of you after we left Mobile?"

"I will tell you briefly," he replied. "I went to selling papers again, to earn enough money to find you all, when I heard of the loss of the steamer, and saw mother's name among the missing. About the same time I learned that Murray had gone away, because he had been concerned in a robbery. I abandoned all hope of finding *you*, and continued selling papers, pedaling apples, cakes, &c., for about a year.

"One day a steamboat captain asked me if I wanted to go to Texas. He said his cabin-boy was left at Galveston, and if I wanted to go, he would take me in his place. I gladly accepted the proposition, and worked my passage across the Gulf in the capacity of cabin-boy.

"Arriving in Galveston, I went into the country and hired to a stock drover. After three years, I was employed as brakeman on the railroad, and gradually rose to be a conductor."

"Well, Jennie!" said her brother, a few months afterward, "Dr. Roger told me a great rigmarole about you and himself this morning. I was busy, and paid but little attention to him. At the close he asked me if I consented. I told him 'yes,' I think. What was it for?"

"I've no idea," said she.

"*I* have," said another voice, as the door opened and Dr. Roger Graves walked in. Taking the hint from the ex-conductor, we will also retire.

How I Smashed a Ghost.

About a dozen years ago, when I was just getting out of my teens, and trying hard to persuade a sickly little moustache to grow so that I might be taken for a man, I had an adventure with a ghost. It was in the island of Barbadoes in the West Indies, where I spent nearly all my boyish days. My parents were Barbadians, and indeed our family had been settled on the island over one hundred and fifty years, and I had cousins and other relations without number. It was always the custom of the family that as many members of it as possible should dine together on Christmas day, sometimes at one house, sometimes at another. It happened one Christmas that the dinner was to be held at the house of a cousin of ours who lived about twelve miles out of town, and it was arranged that most of us were to remain over night, and some half dozen or so were to stay until New Year's. My mother, sister and myself did not arrive until late, and I had not time to go to my bed-room. The dinner passed off like all Christmas dinners, the thirty-five or forty persons present were all well acquainted, the dinner was excellent, the wines perfect; what more was wanted to make a jolly party? After dinner, of course, we had games; "forfeits," and "blindman's buff," and "Copenhagen," and all sorts of games; but we got tired of them, and at last we all gathered on the great wide piazza—for it was a warm, clear, moonlight night—and some of the older ones of the party began to tell ghost stories, while the port-wine negus, claret cup and cocoanut julep circulated pretty freely, and those who liked to enjoy a pipe or cigar did so—I have vivid recollections of making myself horribly sick with a pipe.

Of all the terrible ghost stories I ever heard I cannot remember anything equal to some Uncle Bill told that night; they actually made my hair stand on end, and the girls shrieked in terror. He seemed to enjoy our fright, and each tale was more terrible than the previous one. At last the clock struck twelve, and it was decided to be time to go to bed. The house was a large, rambling structure, two stories high—the usual height in the West Indies on account of the hurricanes—and I found that one of my cousins and myself were to occupy an upper room in the East wing which had been used as a sort of store-room, but had been pressed into service on account of the house being so full. I was very tired, and undressing hastily I jumped into bed, and in spite of Uncle Bill's horrible stories I was asleep in five minutes.

Do you know what the sensation is to wake suddenly out of a deep, sound, dreamless sleep? That was the way I awoke, with a sudden start, and a consciousness that something was wrong.

I looked to my right and there I saw a gigantic figured arrayed in white, with immense outstretched wings, bending over me; the face was mild and beautiful as an angel's, but I thought I could discern a devilish twinkle in the eye, and a cruel, half-satirical smile about the mouth. I was wide awake, never more wide awake in my life, and I could see the terrible figure bending closer and closer over me. My resolution was taken; up to this time I had not moved. I now raised my hands cautiously to my head, grasped my pillow with both hands—it was a large, heavy hair one, for I always liked a hard pillow—closed my eyes for a second, and then rising suddenly to a sitting posture, I let drive at the ghost with all my might.

* * * * * * *

"Good Heavens, Arthur!" exclaimed my mother, entering the room with a light, "what is the matter; is it thieves?"

My mother had a chronic idea about thieves, and was always fancying they were in the house.

What was the matter? Ah! that was the question. I sat up in bed, half stupefied, and thoroughly puzzled. On my right stood a tall press, painted white, the doors of which were battered in; and on the floor lay some dozen or more pots of jams, preserves and pickles in various stages of dilapidation, and on the third shelf of the press was my pillow, calmly reposing in a large tureen of boiled paw-paws.

It was all very well for my mother to say I never saw any figure at all, that it was the moonlight streaming in at the open window and falling on the white press; but I know better; it was a ghost, and I smashed him with the pillow. J. A. P.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

DEATH OF THE EX-EMPEROR NAPOLEON.—LONDON, Jan. 9.—The ex-Emperor Napoleon died at 45 minutes past ten o'clock, this morning. The following bulletin from persons who were with him during his last hours has just been published:

"The Ex-emperor Napoleon slept soundly last night, better than the preceding night. This morning his physicians had a consultation, and decided to perform another operation upon him at noon to-day. At the time the consultation was held his pulse was strong and regular at 84 beats per minute. At twenty-five minutes past ten o'clock signs that he was sinking appeared, the action of the heart suddenly failed, and he died at forty-five minutes past ten o'clock."

SIR HENRY THOMPSON,
CONNEAU,
CORVISART,
CLOVER.

LONDON, Jan. 9—evening.—The sudden death of Napoleon took everybody at Chiselhurst, as well as in London, by surprise. The Empress, relatives, attendants and household, and even the physicians were unprepared for it. The ex-Emperor had passed a comparatively comfortable night. His strength seemed undiminished, and at a consultation early in the morning it was thought he could bear a third operation, which was fully determined upon.

So great was the confidence felt in his condition that the Prince Imperial was permitted to return to Woolwich, to resume his studies. Dr. Gall went to London yesterday, and many of the ex-Emperor's personal friends, who hastened to Chiselhurst at the first alarm, had returned to their homes.

There was no danger whatever apprehended up to 9 A. M. of a fatal turn in the case, but at that hour new and dangerous symptoms suddenly set in. The ex-Emperor's vital forces seemed to leave him all at once, and he commenced to sink with alarming rapidity.

A telegram was instantly sent to Woolwich for the Prince. Dr. Gall was summoned from London; and Father Goddard, his spiritual adviser, was sent for in the greatest haste to administer the last sacraments of the church.

His private chaplain was also informed of the danger and started for Chiselhurst, but all arrived too late. The Prince was not to see his father again alive. Dr. Gall and the clergymen just reached the park gate as Napoleon expired. The Empress, who has been most constant in her attendance, was the principal person at his bedside at the last hour.

The medical advisers, Sir H. Thompson and Drs. Corvisart and Clover, the Emperor's old friend, Dr. Conneau, and several members of the household, were also present. Since his death, his residence at Chiselhurst has been strictly closed to all but the nearest friends and relations. The physicians state that death resulted from causes independent of the surgical operation to which the patient was subjected.

The event produces a deep impression in London, where Napoleon was always personally popular with the masses. The evening journals publish long obituary notices full of expressions of mourning.

PARIS, Jan. 9, evening.—The news of Napoleon's death was received at a late hour this afternoon. It is not yet possible to estimate the extent of the effect here.

The Imperialists, of course, are profoundly affected, and appear to regard the event as a final blow to their hopes.

The only evening journal which has any editorial on the subject is the Messager de Paris. It closes a brief article as follows: "The disasters which have made shipwreck of the Empire will not cause to be forgotten the great services Napoleon has rendered to the nation, in re-establishing order and developing the prosperity of France."

None of the other evening papers had time to do more than to print the announcement, without comment.

THE SEVERE STORM PERIOD.—Among the phenomena which appeared last week were an earthquake in Ohio; the severest snowstorm that has visited Missouri and Kansas for twenty years; a destructive flood at Bogota, South America, and another ravaging storm among the shipping on the coast of Great Britain. It is to be hoped that some accomplished meteoriologist or other competent scientific person is collecting the data connected with the extraordinary season of atmospheric and terrestial disturbances since the early Summer of 1872. They certainly have some relations which can be traced. A diagram or chart that would show the movements of the "sun spots" throughout the year, the movement of those frequent silent disturbances called "magnetic storms," and the excess or diminution of the "heat" rays, the "light," and the "chemical" rays of the sun, would present a most interesting study in connection with the phenomena above mentioned for the year.

THE YOSEMITE GRANT.—In the case of Hutchings, who had settled on the Yosemite tract before it was granted to California as a public park, the Supreme Court has decided that the inchoate title of the plaintiff was no obstacle to the validity of the grant. The Court holds that Congress is not restricted in its power to dispose of lands by sale or donation by pre-emption rights, and that a settlement on the public domain does not confer such right upon the settler as will prevent Congress, in its discretion, from disposing of the land for other purposes.

THE SENTENCE OF STOKES.—The jury in the second trial of Edward S. Stokes, at New York, for the assassination of Colonel James Fisk, rendered a verdict of "murder in the first degree." Stokes was then sentenced to be hanged on the 28th of February next. It may be noted that his sentence was pronounced on the 6th of January, 1873, the shooting of Fisk having been committed on the 6th of January, 1872.

TRIAL OF MRS. WHARTON.—The trial of Mrs. Wharton, on the charge of attempting to poison Eugene Van Ness, began January 6th, at Annapolis.

A friend and subscriber sends us the following criticism upon the knowledge of human nature shown by one of our contributors in a late story.

SLABTOWN, N. J.

Mistur edetur:—Yu orter hev mor cence an to rite sich a pese wat our Marire Jain speled tu me tother da, du yu rekin eny budy iz goin to bleve thet, i ges nut, nut ef tha noze it, nut fur Jorif, eny budy noze that's a lie, du you rekin eny fellur wat luvs a gal iz goin tu tel sum uthir fellur thet thet gal luvs *him*, nut so much, our Mariar sazo it ent natoorel, en Mariar is purty smert, she kin rede a hull line uv litil wurds en nut spel moren un. or tu, thets purty gude, a ole sport?

Jist argy this pint, Mister editor, xpose sum fellur was a buzin round Sal Maulsbery (Sal putes up jist belo us, ime kinder softe un Sal, sheze my gal) en i thut Sal was spuny un him, du you ges ide tel him, nut so muche, ide jist put a hed un him fust en un on Sal arterwords, perviden I cud, Sals purty tuf, thets natur, ent it? sey, i tell yu nut tu rite eny mor sich yerns fur Mariar redes the Post to me eache week, un ef yu du, yule git a letur wat will maik yu squele.

Yures trooly

GERSHOM CRAFT.

P. S.—rite sum story wat sum bully feller kils a hul lot uv fellers tu git hiz gal, thems the kine me un Mariar likes. G. C.

P. S. again—tween me ud yu, how muche wud yu giv a fellur fur a story wats got a duzen ded fellurs lain rond, a. G. C.

P. S. another time.—dunt yu sa nuthin abote me un Sal Maulsbery—kaus we dunt want thet sprede rond. G. C.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Thirty cents a line for the first insertion.

Twenty cents for each additional insertion.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

FOR MOTH PATCHES, FRECKLES AND TAN USE

Perry's Moth and Freckle Lotion.

Sold by Druggists everywhere.

For Pimples on the Face, Blackheads and Fleshworms, use

Perry's Improved Comedone and Pimple Remedy,

THE GREAT SKIN MEDICINE.

Prepared only by Dr. B. C. PERRY, Dermatologist, 49 Bond Street, New York. de21-16t

PEMBERTON;

OR,

One Hundred Years Ago.

BY HENRY PETERSON,

AUTHOR OF "THE MODERN JOB," &c.

"There comes a voice that awakes my soul. It is the voice of years that are gone; they roll before me with their deeds."—Ossian.

A thick duodecimo volume, handsomely printed, and bound in cloth. Frontispiece, (beautifully engraved by Sharp, after a design by Hensell,) the Arbor Scene between Helen and Washington.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

PART I.

Chapter.
1. The Surprise.
2. Moll of the Hatchet.
3. The battle in the Mist.
4. Captain André.
5. A Woman's Will.
6. The Wissahickon.
7. The Desertion.
8. Phil. Morris.
9. The dream of André.
10. The Fortune-Teller.

Chapter.
11. The Quaker Preacher.
12. Pro and Con.
13. Plots and Counterplots.
14. Parting.
15. A Daring Raid.
16. Hail to the Chief.
17. The Mischianza.
18. An Uninvited Guest.

PART II.

1. Arnold the Hero.
2. A Charm.
3. The Mob.
4. The Spy.
5. Helen and Arnold.
6. Captain Fanny Again.
7. Arnold the Traitor.
8. A New Scheme.
9. Shall I do it.
10. The Ball.
11. Running the Gauntlet.
12. Planning Treason.

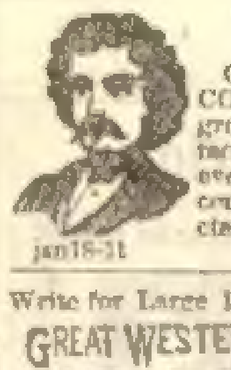
PART III.

1. A Change of Scene.
2. The Midnight Conference.
3. The Price of Treason.
4. A Perilous Journey.
5. For the Third Time.
6. On the Way.
7. The Arrest of André.
8. Breaking the News.
9. Pemberton and Washington.
10. Crushed by the Blow.
11. Pemberton and André.
12. Captain Fanny's Plan.
13. The Death of André.

PART IV.

Five Years After. | Conclusion.

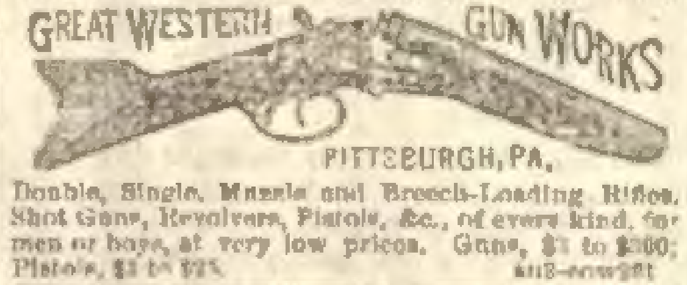
Published by J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO., Philadelphia, and for sale by all Booksellers. Price $1.75.



WHISKERS!

One package of Prof. Hall's MAGIC COMPOUND will force the beard to grow thick and heavy on the smoothest face (without injury) in 21 days, in every case, or money refunded; 25 cents a package, post-paid; 3 for 50 cts. Address, EDGAR JONES, Ashland, Mass. jan18-1t

Write for Large Illustrated Descriptive Price List to



Double, Single, Muzzle and Breech-Loading Rifles, Shot Guns, Revolvers, Pistols, &c., of every kind, for men or boys, at very low prices. Guns, $3 to $300; Pistols, $1 to $25. au3-eow26t

A Luxuriant Moustache made to grow on man or boy, 15 years or older, in two weeks, or money refunded. For full directions, address, with 25 cents, W. B. HAMILTON, Bridgeton, N. J. jan18-4t

TAXIDERMIST'S MANUAL, a complete practical guide to collecting, preparing, preserving and mounting animals, birds, reptiles, insects, &c. New and revised American edition, with many fine engravings, only 50 cents, of booksellers or by mail. JESSE HANEY & CO., 119 Nassau St., N. Y. jan18-1t

BE WARNED IN TIME!—Unfortunate young men; your cases can be treated conscientiously and with trifling expense by a regular physician. *Advice free.* Address CHAS. T. PRICE M. D., 701 Sixth Ave., New York. an18-13t

TO THE LADIES.

A 45 page book containing answers to questions of great importance. Sent free for two stamps. Address Mrs. H. METZGER, Hanover, Pa. jan11-6t

30 NEW SONGS, ARTS, and 20 new RECEIPTS mailed free. THEO. F. WOOD, Vernon, N. J. ja4-13t

BRIGGS & BRO.
SEEDSMEN & FLORISTS
ROCHESTER, N.Y.

ILLUSTRATED WORK for January, 1873, now out. Issued as a Quarterly. The four numbers sent to any address by mail for 25 cents. The richest and most instructive Illustrated and Descriptive Floral Guide ever issued. You will miss it if you order Seeds before seeing BRIGGS & BRO.'S QUARTERLY. We challenge comparison on quality of Seed and prices and sizes of packets. Our "CALENDAR ADVANCE SHEET AND PRICE LIST FOR 1873" sent free. Address BRIGGS & BROTHER, ROCHESTER, N. Y. ja4-4t

MAGIC OR INVISIBLE PHOTOGRAPHS.—Wonderful and Amusing. 25 cents, post-paid. Address B. FOX & CO., 369 Canal St., New York. de28-52t

NERVOUS DEBILITY, &c. A speedy cure without Medicine. 1200 cases cured in one month. NO PAY till cured. Recommended by leading Medical Men and Journals. They say it NEVER FAILS. Extensively used in U. S. Lunatic Asylums and Hospitals. Pat. by U. S. Government. Pamphlet, with opinions of Lallemand, Trousseau, Hunter, &c., free. Address LALLEMAND INSTITUTE, P. O. Drawer 34, Cleveland, Ohio. (Chartered by Legislative Enactment.) de28-1y

"WIZARDS' CARDS.—These Wonderful Cards enable any one to perform most astonishing Metamorphoses, without detection. Fifty cents a pack, pre-paid. N. WHITE, 90 South Sixth street, Williamsburgh, New York. de21-12t

WINCHESTER & CO.,

706 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

MEN'S FURNISHING STORE

AND

PATENT SHOULDER-SEAM SHIRT MANUFACTORY.

FORMULA FOR MEASUREMENT: Size around neck, chest, waist and wrist, and length of bosom and arm from middle of back to middle of hand. de21-6t

AN "ELEGANT CHROMO" and "ILLUSTRATED BOOK OF WONDERS," only 15 cents; post-paid. Address B. FOX & CO., No. 369 Canal Street, New York City. sep14-1y

ONE AGENT CLEARED $83 90 in one week selling BRIDE'S COMBINATION NEEDLE-CASE AND PORTE MONNAIE. More Agents wanted of both sexes. Address PITTSBURGH SUPPLY CO., Pittsburgh, Pa. de14-13t

$5 to $20 per day! Agents wanted! All classes of working people, of either sex, young or old, make more money at work for us in their spare moments or all the time than at anything else. Particulars free. Address G. Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine. nov16-8wt

FOR GENERAL DEBILITY,

And Liability to Disease

In the Fall season, to assist in maintaining strength needed for daily duties by those whose constitutions are impaired,

SWAIM'S PANACEA

is the preparation indicated.

Prepared at SWAIM'S LABORATORY, 113 S. SEVENTH St., below Chestnut, (our only office) Philadelphia. For sale by all Druggists. nov23-3m

FORT EDWARD COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE.—Fall term, Aug. 29. Winter term, Dec. 5. Spring term, March 20. $185 per year for board, fuel, washing, with common English branches. A choice of three courses of study for ladies or gentlemen. A complete commercial course also. A class is always fitting for college. The best instruction in Music, Painting, Languages, Telegraphy. Students admitted any time. Address for catalogues or for rooms, JOS. E. KING, D.D., Fort Edward, New York.

WHISKERS!

WHISKERS! One Package of Prof. Hall's MAGIC COMPOUND will force the beard to grow thick and heavy on the smoothest face (without injury) in 21 days, or money refunded. 25 cents a package, postpaid, or 3 for 50 cents. de28-4t EDGAR JONES, Ashland, Mass.

SEE ADVERTISEMENT OF

PITTSBURGH SUPPLY CO.

AGENTS ARE COINING MONEY. de14-13t

PERFECT GEMS. The new, elegant and unique MICROSCOPIC CHARMS.—These "little beauties" are finely got up in Ivory, to be worn on watch guards, or as ornaments and keepsakes, and each contains a picture or portrait, which upon looking through the charm is magnified 1000 times. We have just received an immense assortment, which we mail in sealed letters, prepaid, to any address, for only 25 cents each, 5 for $1, or $2 a dozen. Try one and secure something that will be a keepsake for life. Order only from B. FOX & CO. No. 369 Canal street, New York City. de21-26t

NERVOUS DEBILITY.—Write and learn Nature's free cure. D. FAY, Big Coon, Ala., (from Penn.) nov9-13t

AVOID QUACKS.

A victim of early indiscretion, causing nervous debility, premature decay, &c., having tried in vain every advertised remedy, has discovered a simple means of self-cure, which he will send free to his fellow-sufferers. Address, J. H. REEVES, 78 Nassau St., New York. sep14-1y

EVERYBODY WANTS TO KNOW WHICH IS THE BEST MACHINE!

THE "LIGHT RUNNING"

"DOMESTIC"

Answers this question, and presents a record of success unparalleled in the history of the invention.

Agents wanted everywhere.

Address

"DOMESTIC"

S. M. Co.,

New York.

RIVERVIEW Military Academy, Poughkeepsie, N. Y. A thorough-going school for boys. mar9-52t

GENERAL ADVERTISERS

SHOULD USE

J. WEAVER & CO'S

SELECT LIST

OF

HIGH COST WEEKLIES.

Advertising Rates in Full List

$20 A LINE EACH INSERTION.

LIST.

NEW YORK TRIBUNE.
NEW YORK WEEKLY.
NEW YORK INDEPENDENT.
NEW YORK SUN.
NEW YORK DAY BOOK.
HARPER'S WEEKLY.
LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED.
CHRISTIAN UNION.
MOORE'S RURAL NEW YORKER.
SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN.
POMEROY'S DEMOCRAT.
FIRESIDE COMPANION.
SATURDAY EVENING POST.
SATURDAY STAR JOURNAL.
SATURDAY NIGHT.
PEOPLES' LITERARY COMPANION.
WAVERLY MAGAZINE.
STAR SPANGLED BANNER.
WESTERN WORLD.
CINCINNATI TIMES.
TOLEDO BLADE.
CHICAGO TRIBUNE.
ST. LOUIS REPUBLICAN.
PITTSBURG COMMERCIAL.

Address,
J. WEAVER & CO.,
ADVERTISING AGENTS,
116 Smithfield, Street,
jan18-2t Pittsburgh, Pa.

AGENTS WANTED

FOR

Saints and Sinners of the Bible.

Its Patriarchs, Kings, Prophets, Rebels, Poets, Priests, Heroes, Women, Apostles, Politicians, Rulers, and Criminals. Racy, pleasing and edifying. Genial as poetry and as exciting as romance. The happiest conception of any modern author. Its execution is faultless. Its illustrations are magnificent. For clear expression, bold free thought, and happy adaptation this volume is without a rival. It is just the book for those who love History, the study of character, cheerful reading, or the charm of a novel—yet would have it dignified, beautiful and natural. Great inducements to agents. Send for circular to ZIEGLER & McCURDY, jan18-3t Philadelphia, Pa., or Chicago, Ill.

FREE TO BOOK AGENTS.

AN ELEGANTLY BOUND CANVASSING BOOK for the best and cheapest FAMILY BIBLE ever published, will be sent free of charge to any Book Agent. It contains nearly 500 fine Scriptural Illustrations, and agents are meeting with unprecedented success. Address, stating experience, etc., and we will show you what our agents are doing. NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO., Philadelphia, Pa. jan18-4t

AGENTS WANTED for the Graduated Button-hole Cutter, sample by mail 26 cents; *Ladies' Combination Needle-case*, sample by mail 50 cents; *Ink-eraser and Envelope-opener*, sample by mail 18 cents. H. DESILVER, Novelty goods, 31 South Sixth street, Philadelphia. jan18-4t

AGENTS! A RARE CHANCE!!

We will pay all Agents $10 per week IN CASH who will engage with us AT ONCE. Everything furnished and expenses paid. Address de28-4t A. COULTER & CO., Charlotte, Mich.

BIG MONEY! AGENTS' outfit free. J. B. HOLCOMB, Mallet Creek, O. jan11-4t

$20 A DAY FOR MEN AND WOMEN who take the money for "THE LADIES' CASKET"—a beautiful Box with gold edges and clasp—4 by 2¾ inches—Book Style—contains $1.12 worth of articles of daily use. Is new—sells at sight. One sample for 60 cents or two styles for $1.00, postpaid, with circulars. Address CITY NOVELTY CO., No. 1505 Pennsylvania Ave., Philadelphia, Pa. dec21-13t

AGENTS WANTED—For Great Fires of History. Chicago, Boston, Portland, N. York, London, etc. Causes, Systems of Extinguishing Fire. Safes, Fire-proof Buildings, Bank Vaults, Insurance, &c. Thrilling, Humorous, Pathetic. *Only complete illustrated work. Going like Hot Cakes.* Write WORTHINGTON, DUSTIN & CO., oct5-26t Hartford, Ct.

$72 EACH WEEK—Agents wanted, Business legitimate. J. WORTH, St. Louis, Mo. jal-4t

GOLDEN STATE.

AGENTS WANTED FOR McCLELLAN'S

GOLDEN STATE.

A New Book and New Subject. Address WM. FLINT & CO., Phil'a., Pa., Cinn., O., Springfield, Mass., Atlanta, Ga. nov26-13t

$250 A MONTH, $250.

WE WANT 10,000 AGENTS,

MALE OR FEMALE,

To make the above amount selling BRIDE'S COMBINATION NEEDLE CASE AND PORTE MONNAIE. This is an article of absolute necessity with every lady, and pays a large profit. For Circular and Terms address PITTSBURGH SUPPLY CO., de14-26t Pittsburgh, Pa.

FREE TO YOU! FREE TO ALL!

BOOK of NEW RECEIPTS

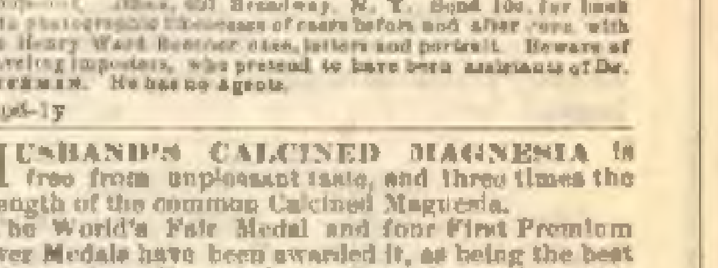
An illustrated book of the odd, quaint, curious and interesting. 72 pages; 50 illustrations. Mailed for two stamps. Address BLACKIE & CO., 746 Broadway, New York. ☞ *Don't fail to send for it.* oct19-13t

BRIDE'S COMBINATION NEEDLE-CASE AND PORTE MONNAIE is an article of absolute necessity in every household. We want agents to sell it. PITTSBURGH SUPPLY CO., de14-13t Pittsburgh, Pa.

RUPTURE

Relieved and Cured by Dr. Sherman's Patent Appliance and Compound. Office, 697 Broadway, N. Y. Send 10c. for book with photographic likenesses of cases before and after cure, with the Henry Ward Beecher case, letters and portrait. Beware of traveling impostors, who pretend to have been assistants of Dr. SHERMAN. He has no Agents. ja6-1y

HUSBAND'S CALCINED MAGNESIA is free from unpleasant taste, and three times the strength of the common Calcined Magnesia. The World's Fair Medal and four First Premium Silver Medals have been awarded it, as being the best in the market. For sale by the Druggists and country storekeepers, and by the manufacturer, THOMAS J. HUSBAND, dec7-13t Philadelphia.



PATENTS BEST IN USE.

PRINCIPAL OFFICE

1609 CHESTNUT STREET

PHILADELPHIA.

ADDRESS THE INVENTOR.

DR. B. FRANK. PALMER, PRES'T A. A. LIMB CO.

Commissioned by the Surgeon-General,

FOR THE U. S. ARMY AND NAVY.

DR. PALMER gives personal attention to the business of his profession, aided by men of the best qualifications and greatest experience.

More than a thousand distinguished officers and soldiers have worn the PALMER LIMBS on active duty; while still greater numbers of civilians, by their aid, fill important positions, AND EFFECTUALLY CONCEAL THEIR MISFORTUNE.

All Genuine "PALMER LIMBS" have the name of the inventor affixed.

PAMPHLETS, which contain the NEW RULES FOR AMPUTATIONS, and full information for persons in want of limbs, sent free, by mail or otherwise.

The attention of Surgeons, Physicians, and all persons interested, is most respectfully solicited.

To avoid imposition apply only to

B. FRANK PALMER, LL. D.,

1609 CHESTNUT STREET,

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

nov5-tf

WIT AND HUMOR.

A MUSICAL CRITICISM.

The following is a happy burlesque upon the hifalutin style of the musical critics on some of the big dailies:—

The composition (Shoo Fly) is well known to musical people as one of the most difficult, with crescendo and diminuendo movements that puzzle even masters in the art. The expression necessary to give effect to the first strains and bring them out with due crispness is hardly ever rendered with sufficient force and artistic finish. For this reason was the performance last night so remarkable.

The solo in the first part, performed on a fish horn with great clearness and purity of technique, rendered the inflection on the "bother me" wonderfully effective. Just then the voice rose with magic thrills, and brought in the "Shoo fly" of the succeeding line in a fugue arrangement. Taking up this the tin kettles chanted, "I feel, I feel, I feel, I feel, like a—" But at this point fell in the brasses and other harmonies, with a perfect radiance of sound, "That's what my mother said," and overwhelmingly, grandly, beyond all description, rose the finale—"Upon this nigger's head." The excellent manner in which one kettle was managed and all the resources of that wonderful instrument exhausted, bespoke an artist who had conquered all difficulties of execution. The whistles, also, keeping a marvellous fugue time, tore across the wealth of harmony with notes bursting upon the ear at times wholly unexpected. As for the cow-bells, it carried one to the scenes the most idyllic and Alpine to hear their twinkle, and clang, and the soft tremolo that accompanied their pianissimo movements. They could not have sounded more natural on the neck of a town bull. It is owing to them that the tone of the musical picture was preserved. For they brought out the innocent and rural air which tints the composition of "Shoo Fly," and they were a perpetual musical reminiscence of the parable, "Gone to Grass."—*San Francisco Figaro.*

THE SCIENCE OF THRESHING OATS.

A young man from an Eastern city says the Titusville Press, who has been visiting rural friends in this vicinity, after seeing a farmer thresh out a "flooring" of oats the other morning, asked and received permission to swing the flail a few minutes, upon assuring the agriculturist that he was "perfectly familiar with the art of thrashing." Expectorating upon his hands, the young man went at the oats, but, at the first pass knocked the horn off a new milch cow, that was leisurely chewing her cud in a neighboring stall. The second swing caved in the head of the farmer, who thought he was safe enough as long as he roosted on the top of the fanning mill in the end of the barn, but without discovering the havoc he was making, the city artist kept at his labors; the third blow fell upon the oats, the fourth killing a setting hen in the manger near by, and the fifth pass of the deadly weapon was the best of all, for it came around the young man boomerang fashion, and knocked him down, and thus put a stop to the work of slaughter. The mere fact that the city thresher returned to consciousness an hour before the farmer did, allowed the former to get several miles out of town before his efforts at threshing were discovered by the neighbors.

A TWILIGHT ROMANCE.

Mr. Jones, one evening in fly time, having been provokingly lashed in the face, tied the tail of the cow he was milking very securely to his boot strap. Everything went on smoothly for a time, and Mr. Jones congratulated himself on the stratagem.

Presently, however, the cow took a notion to lash a fly that was biting her. Mr. Jones chuckled some when he felt the pull at his boot strap; but the chuckling was cut short, for "Bossie," finding that she could not touch her tormentor, suddenly started, and, as Mr. Jones was not prepared for such a demonstration, he was upset and the contents of the pail distributed over his person.

The cow stopped for a moment, and in that time our hero had gained his feet; in an instant after he was seen with his hand on the hip of the cow, making the tour of the farmyard with prodigious hops upon one foot. At every hop he would ejaculate:—

"So, Boss! So, Boss!"

But "Boss" didn't "so" worth a cent. At last the boot attachment gave way, and Mr. Jones returned to the house a sadder if not a wiser man.

A WELL KNOWN PASTORAL POEM.

The following exquisite bucolic is familiar to all, but will bear reprinting: Mary was the proprietress of a diminutive incipient sheep, whose outer covering was as devoid of color as congealed atmospheric vapor, and to all localities to which Mary perambulated, her young Southdown was morally certain to follow. It tagged her to the dispensary of learning one diurnal section of time, which was contrary to all precedent, and excited the cachinnation of the seminary attendants when they perceived the presence of a young mutton at the establishment for instruction. Consequently the preceptor expelled him from the interior, but he continued to remain in the immediate vicinity, and continued in the neighborhood without fretfulness until Mary once more became visible. "What caused this specimen of the genus ovis to bestow so much affection on Mary?" the impetuous progeny vociferate. "Because Mary reciprocated the wool-producer's esteem, you understand," the tutor answered back.

ENTERPRISE IN BUSINESS.

There is a woman in Washington who has buried five husbands. Recently she married a sixth. Upon the day of the wedding a man called at the house of the groom, asked for that gentleman, and then proceeded to measure his body with a tape line. The infatuated groom entertained an idea that this might perhaps be a man sent around by his tailor. After the ceremony in the church, however, the husband was surprised to observe this same person standing in the vestibule and winking furiously at the bride as the party came out to the carriages. Just as they were starting off, the mysterious being put his head into the carriage-window and whispered to the bride: "Got a ready-made one that'll just suit him. Beautiful fit!—beau-u-tiful!" When the happy man demanded the name of the intruder, the bride blushed and said she believed he was some kind of an undertaker. Then the man was not so happy. He was hardly happy at all, and a certain gloom seemed to overcast the honeymoon. Perhaps the undertaker *was* rather too prompt. But still we like to see a man take an interest in his business.

RECEIPTS THAT NEVER FAIL.

The following receipts we warrant to be good, and if any of our readers, after experimenting with them, fail, we should like to know:—

To Destroy Rats—Catch them, one by one, and flatten their heads with a lemon squeezer.

To Kill Cockroaches—Get a pair of heavy boots, and then catch your roaches, put them into a barrel, and then get in yourself, and dance.

To Catch Mice—On going to bed put crumbs of cheese into your mouth, and lie with it open, and when a mouse's whiskers tickle your throat—bite.

To Prevent Dogs from Going Mad—Cut their tails off just behind their ears.

"Only a Flirtation."

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY T. J. CHAMBERS.

"A face like hers is never seen
This side the gates of Paradise,
Save in some Oriental dream."
—*Joaquin Miller.*

The long, bright, sultry Summer day was drawing to a close. The western sky was aglow with tints of scarlet and gold, which were reflected by the gently-rippling waves of the slumbering ocean. Scarce a breath of wind stirred the branches of the stunted cedar trees that dotted the beach here and there; all nature seemed to be sleeping through the sluggish evening hours.

This lovely, quiet sea shore retreat was the summer resort of numerous persons of taste, who grew tired alike of the heat and dust of the cities and the bustling crowds that thronged the fashionable watering-places. Mr. Shoddy and his family were rarely seen there; but men and women of culture and refinement sought here that rest and recreation which they could not find elsewhere.

A man and a woman walked slowly across the sands, watching, with appreciative eyes, the beautiful sunset. The man was young—not more than twenty-five—tall and broad-shouldered, with a fair, honest, handsome face. He was Arthur Dalrymple, a promising New York lawyer. The lady at his side was his second cousin, Emily Dalrymple. The Dalrymples were one of the first families in the metropolis, and moved in the best society. The men were distinguished for energy and business talent; the women were famed for their wonderful beauty.

Emily Dalrymple had arrived at the age of twenty-one, and was in the very perfection of youthful womanhood. Tall, yet not too tall, her form was delicate and graceful without being slender, and her face was dazzlingly fair without any of that tameness or insipidity which often detracts from the charms of the pure blonde. Her eyes were large, languishing and of a dark-brown color, contrasting strangely with her long, bright, waving yellow hair. Altogether, hers was a very lovely face, with a beauty that was something more and better than mere regularity of feature, or delicacy of coloring—the intelligence of a high and cultivated mind shone from her eyes, and the tenderness of the woman's loving heart was seen in her full, daintily-curved lips. Miss Dalrymple was a woman of talent, almost of genius. She could draw and paint very cleverly when she chose, and she sometimes composed a little song that thrilled the hearts of those who read it like notes of sweetest music. Had she cared to do so, she might have inscribed her name high in the temple of fame. But she possessed a somewhat indolent disposition; she had wealth sufficient for all her desires, as she was the sole heiress of her parents, who were dead; therefore she employed her talents only to amuse her idle hours, and gave the greater part of her time to the enjoyments and dissipations of fashionable life.

Strange as it may seem, this woman, with her beautiful face and cultured mind, was a coquette.

Not a professional one, if I may use the expression—she did not try to win men's hearts merely to display her power; in fact, she did not *try* to win them at all. But she seemed to be ignorant of the power of her charms over the opposite sex. She was friendly, familiar, gracious, in a confiding, sisterly manner to all with whom she became acquainted. But friendship, between a lovely woman and a man not past the impulses of youth, is a dangerous attachment; it almost invariably merges into a stronger and deeper sentiment; unless, indeed, both parties are safely in love with their ideal beforehand. Emily Dalrymple had been in love with her handsome cousin Arthur, ever since she could remember, and the young lawyer, of course, returned her affection. She was not bound to him by any engagement, but she expected to marry him whenever she made up her mind to marry anybody—and she was too fond of her freedom to care particularly about entering into matrimonial bondage just yet, even with the man whom she loved. Arthur Dalrymple was very well satisfied to wait a few years. He thought himself sure of his cousin's heart, so he could afford to allow her the pleasure of a harmless flirtation now and then—an amusement to which he himself was not at all averse.

A little, sleepy village, composed of a dozen or two unpretentious private residences, and two or three small but rather pretentious hotels, lay a half-mile back from the sea-shore, basking in the golden rays of the sinking sun. Laughing and chatting, a small party of men and women were coming down from the town, to enjoy the delicious hour of sunset on the beach. As they drew near, Miss Dalrymple's eyes were fixed earnestly on the foremost of the party.

"What a beautiful boy!" she exclaimed, abruptly.

"Who—which one?" asked her cousin, smiling at her enthusiasm.

"That boy with the long curls, walking alone in front of the others. He has the most beautiful face I ever saw—surely, its owner is no common mortal."

"You have wonderful skill in reading faces, Emily," said Arthur Dalrymple, "and you are right in this case. That youth is only human, I suppose, like the rest of us, but he possesses extraordinary talents. Young as he is, he is already well known as a poet, and his skill as a musician is really wonderful. Paganini himself was not a more perfect master of the violin."

"Who is he? Do you know him?" questioned Miss Dalrymple, eagerly.

"His name is Victor Ainslie. His mother, I believe, was an Italian, and from her he inherits his beauty and his love for music. He is an orphan, and, I understand, rather poor, but he can win a fortune by his talents if he cares to do so. He is very eccentric, however, and as restless as the Wandering Jew. He only arrived here to-day; and to-morrow, if the notion takes him, he will be on his way to the White Mountains, or to some barbarous, out-of-the-way place in the Alleghanies. He has been in Italy, Spain and Egypt; in short, he is a true Bohemian, and the most unselfish, warm-hearted fellow that ever lived."

"He is your friend, then? I never heard you speak of him before."

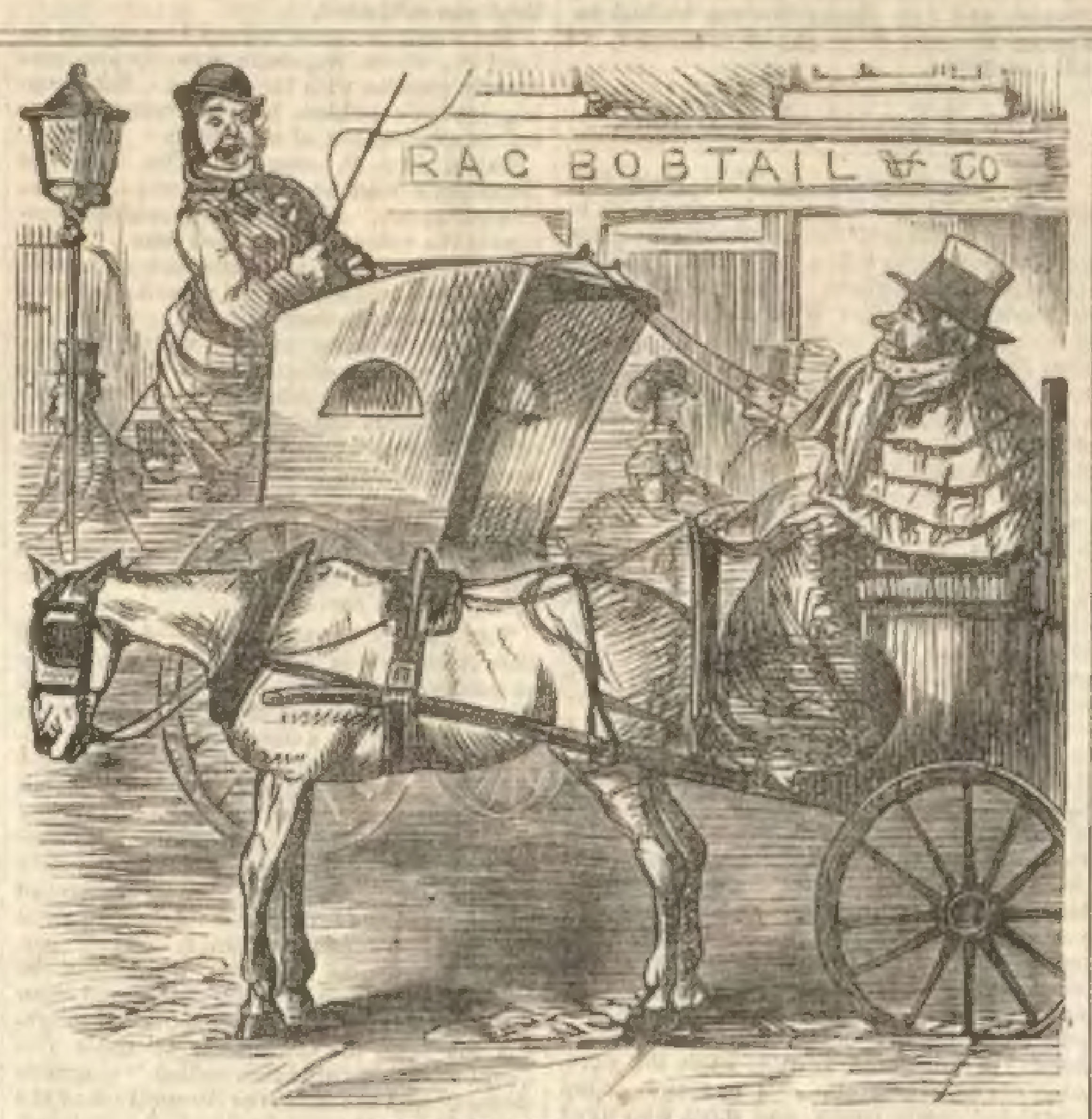
"I formed his acquaintance only a month ago. I see you are deeply interested in this remarkable youth, my fair cousin, and I will introduce you to each other. Doubtless he will find in you a kindred spirit. But I warn you to be careful, Emily; this poet is extremely handsome—and if you fall in love with him, I may be tempted to do something dreadful."

"Fall in love with him!" laughed Emily. "Why, he is a mere boy; not more than eighteen, by his looks."

"He is twenty-one; just your age, you see, although he looks very boyish, with his fair cheeks and beardless chin. Still he is a man in brain and heart—and if his dark, dreamy eyes are to be trusted, he is capable of loving for life or death. He is not at all gallant, however; he rather avoids the ladies, and I do not think he has as yet had any love affairs."

"Well, Arthur, you need not be in the least afraid," smiled Miss Dalrymple. "What little heart I have is already yours, so of course I cannot bestow it on another, even if I wished to do so."

"Thank you," returned Mr. Dalrymple, coolly, although something like a blush tinged his cheeks.



A JEST ON THE SCAFFOLD.

HANSOM CABBY. "Ullo, Villiam, goin' to 'ave a new 'oss, eh?"
VILLIAM. "Vet are ye drivin' at?—new 'oss!"
H. C. "Vy I thought I observed as you'd the scaffoldin' run up b'tween the shafts."

"We understand each other perfectly, Emily, and need have no suspicions of each other's actions. Ah, I see my friend is coming toward us; he has recognized me, I suppose. Delighted to see you here, Victor," continued the lawyer, heartily. "I did not know but you might be in Rome, by this time—you poets are such curious fellows. Let me present you to my cousin, Miss Dalrymple, of New York. I was just telling Emily what a highly-gifted mortal you were—and as she belongs to the *literati* herself, she was very desirous of forming your acquaintance."

Victor Ainslie bowed gracefully, and a pleasant smile lit up his usually melancholy face.

"Miss Dalrymple, I fear you will be sadly disappointed in me," he said. "I assure you that I am very dull, and remarkable only for my oddities."

"True worth is always modest, Mr. Ainslie," replied Miss Dalrymple, smiling graciously.

"Of course—of course," said the jovial Arthur. "But I propose that we leave that chattering party, who are of the 'earth, earthy,' to enjoy themselves as best they may, while we seek a better view of the sunset. I know a place, over yonder, from which we can plainly see the dying day-god. I'm certain that the scene will set my cousin to painting, and you to rhyming, Victor."

"Let us seek it, then, by all means, for it is days since I have felt the divine fire of inspiration," laughed Victor Ainslie.

As the two walked across the beach toward the rising ground which Arthur indicated, Miss Dalrymple observed the youthful poet closely. She saw that he was of the medium height, but very slightly, almost frailly built. His face was fair, and there was a glow in his cheeks, which a careless observer might have interpreted as a sign of vigorous health, but which a physician would have looked upon as a token of the presence of that dread destroyer, consumption. His features were regular and delicate as a woman's—his eyes dark and strangely brilliant. His brown hair, brushed behind his ears, fell down to his shoulders in loose, glossy curls.

The view from that point, as Arthur Dalrymple had said, was very beautiful. The sun was smiling behind a mass of broken clouds, which were transformed into fantastic shapes of dazzlingly brilliant crimson and gold. The whole sky was tinged with a rosy light, and the green fields and yellow sands and purple sea seemed to be but parts of one vast and enchanting painting. Forgetful of everything but the beauty of the scene, Emily Dalrymple raised one white hand to her forehead and gazed at the glowing heavens with soul-lit eyes. Her pure, Grecian profile was clearly outlined against the crimson sky; her lips were slightly parted; her yellow hair fell low over her white forehead, and tossed carelessly back from her face, reached almost to her waist in rippling waves. She looked, indeed, too perfectly lovely for this earth, as if she might take wings and soar away to some blessed realm where all is youth and beauty. Victor Ainslie gazed, not at the sunset, but at her. He seemed to be under the influence of strong emotion; his bosom heaved, and the scarlet patches on his cheeks grew deeper.

"Well, Ainslie," said Arthur lightly, "has the inspiration come yet?"

Ainslie started and withdrew his eyes from Miss Dalrymple's face.

"Ah, yes," he said, dreamily, "I think I could write a poem now that would make my name immortal."

"And Emily, I suppose, will paint a wonderful picture to-morrow. I even think that I, when I go back to the city, can plead the case of my villainous client, Boggs, with renewed eloquence."

"There is no mind too low to be influenced by the beauties of Nature, it seems," laughed Emily, turning to her cousin. "I have been in the clouds, but now I have alighted on the earth once more. It is growing late, Arthur; let us return to the hotel."

A week passed by. Victor Ainslie, the restless, must have discovered some peculiar attraction in the little sea-side village, for he still lingered there. He *had* discovered a powerful attraction—an attraction that had turned many an older head than his. Day after day he walked, or rode, or went boating with Arthur Dalrymple and his beautiful cousin—sometimes alone with Miss Dalrymple. And day by day and hour by hour the fetters were formed around his boyish heart—fetters from which he never could escape. Young, romantic and passionate, he fell madly, foolishly in love at first sight with a woman whose heart was given to another. To do him justice, Ainslie was not aware that the cousins were bound to each other by any dearer tie than that of their relationship. Had he known at the beginning that Emily was the same as engaged to his friend, he would never have tried to win her love—he was too honorable for that. But he did not know it; he thought that Miss Dalrymple's heart was free, and he fondly hoped that he might win it. And Emily, if she did not encourage his attentions, at least took no pains to discourage them. The young man was so romantic, so brilliant, so different from all her other admirers, that she could not deny herself the pleasure of his society. She never thought of loving him—that would be absurd, she told herself, for he was only a boy; and she tried to believe that Ainslie was too wise to try to pass the bounds of friendship in his intercourse with her. But she could not help seeing that his eyes grew brighter at her coming, that his melancholy face lit up with a wonderful beauty whenever she addressed him; and she grew to watch for these signs, even to long for them, little dreaming, perhaps, that she was treading on dangerous ground.

Arthur Dalrymple, handsome and good-natured, had not a spark of jealousy in his disposition. He invented opportunities to throw his friend and his cousin together, and was delighted to see that they appreciated each other. If he could have read the thoughts that filled the young poet's mind he would have acted differently; but Ainslie was very reserved, even with his friend, and the latter suspected nothing.

One day the lawyer received a letter from his partner, urging him to return to the city at once, as some important business demanded his attention.

"I suppose I must go," he said, after he had read the letter to Miss Dalrymple and Victor Ainslie. "I will be back inside of a fortnight, Emily, if you choose to stay here."

"I shall stay. I like the beauty and quiet of the place," said Emily.

"You will find it rather lonely, I fear, unless Ainslie intends to remain. Do you, Victor?"

Victor Ainslie's boyish face was radiant, but he answered calmly:

"As Miss Dalrymple says, this place is quietly beautiful. I think I shall stay a few days longer."

"Ah, then you and Emily can enjoy yourselves to your heart's content, spouting poetry and other nonsense. I want you to stay, Victor, until I come back."

Ainslie did not promise, but he knew very well that nothing could tempt him to leave while Miss Dalrymple remained. A fortnight of walking or boating alone with the woman he loved? It seemed to him like an eternity of bliss. He watched his friend's departure with emotions that were far from being sorrowful.

The visitors at the sleepy little village dropped away until scarcely a dozen remained. These were mostly elderly people, with whom Miss Dalrymple was but slightly acquainted. Thus she and Victor Ainslie were thrown together almost constantly. Their boat floated idly on the bosom of the placid ocean through the long, bright hours of the sunny Summer days. Sometimes Victor read, and his sweet, sad voice added new pathos and passion to the poet's burning words; sometimes they talked of music, or art, or song, and all the while the young man's dark eyes looked wistfully into his companion's face, and the crimson spots on his waxen cheeks glowed like coals of fire. Emily Dalrymple tried to persuade herself that she was doing no wrong—that perhaps the boy poet cared no more for her than she did for him; but those mournful eyes sometimes haunted her slumbers, and she shuddered at the thought of telling him the truth, as she knew she must sooner or later do.

The day was calm and intensely warm. A soft, dreamy haze filled the sky, through which the sunshine fell dimly on the waveless ocean. The little boat lay motionless on the dark blue water, while its two occupants seemed to be absorbed in thought. Miss Dalrymple was looking down at the water, with which she dallied with one white hand. Victor Ainslie had been reading, but the book had fallen forgotten from his hand, and his eyes were bent adoringly upon the beautiful face of his companion. Suddenly Miss Dalrymple looked up and met those burning orbs. The passion which she read in their tender depths forced her to avert her face, while a bright flush mounted to her brow.

"Of what are you thinking, Sir Poet?" she said, playfully. "Composing a wonderful poem, I suppose, of the 'Summer and the sea.'"

"Of the Summer and the sea and love," he answered. "Oh, Miss Dalrymple, since I came here my life has been sweeter than any poem that I have ever read. Do you know why?"

"I suppose the lovely scenery is very inspiring to one of your ardent temperament," replied Miss Dalrymple.

"It is not that," cried the poet, bending forward and catching the girl's soft hand in his. "It is your presence, Miss Dalrymple—Emily—that makes me so happy; it is your sweet companionship that transforms this dull sea-shore into an Elysium."

"Hush—hush—you must not address such language to me," said Emily, coldly, and trying to withdraw her hand from his.

"I *must* speak," exclaimed the young man, almost fiercely. "I love you, Emily Dalrymple, with all the strength of my passionate nature. I am a fatalist—I believe that each spirit has a kindred spirit somewhere in the world; that when two souls, that are destined to be joined together through all eternity, meet, they will recognize and love each other. Oh, Emily, my beautiful, you are my kindred soul, my fate, my destiny; my spirit goes out to yours with love and longing inexpressible. Let us journey hand in hand through this world, so that, at death, we may fly together to that higher sphere, where parting is unknown."

For a moment Miss Dalrymple's bosom thrilled with a wild happiness which she could not understand. Then she snatched away her hand, while her face grew cold and haughty.

"You are mad, Mr. Ainslie," she said. "I love another—I am to be my Cousin Arthur's wife."

Victor's face grew deathly pale; he pressed both hands to his breast, as if the pain there was unbearable.

"Great Heaven! you are not in earnest?" he gasped rather than spoke.

"I am sorry for you, Victor," said Miss Dalrymple, touched by the young man's evident suffering; "but it would be cruel to deceive you. I do not love you; I do love my cousin—we have loved each other ever since we were children."

"Why did you not tell me of this at first? Why did you try to steal my soul away by your beauty and your sweetness, when you knew you could not love me? Oh, Emily, it was cruel—cruel!" moaned the boy, burying his face in his hands.

"I did not know—I did not suspect"—began Miss Dalrymple, with tears in her eyes.

"You did not know that I was young and foolish—you did not suspect that I had a heart!" interrupted Ainslie, bitterly. "When I met you, I was heart-free, and a bright future lay before my hopeful eyes. Now, oh, my God! what is there to live for? You are my life, my ambition, my all; without you, the brightest laurels on my brow would be but a crown of thorns. Heaven forgive you, Emily Dalrymple! you have blighted my life forever."

"You are young, Victor—a mere boy; you will soon forget this disappointment," said Emily. "Years hence, you will look back to this day, and thank me for rejecting your love. You have talent, genius; your name will be known to the world, and you can choose a young and beautiful bride when I am an old, faded woman."

"Do you think so?" replied Victor, with a ghastly smile. "A year from now my bones will be mouldering in the dust, and you, a laughing bride, may walk carelessly over my grave."

"God forbid!" exclaimed Emily, with an involuntary shudder.

"I come of a short-lived race. My parents both died of consumption ere they reached middle-age, and, under any circumstances, I should have done the same. But now I know that I shall not live a year. I do not wish to. The sooner I die and am at rest, the better."

"Oh, Victor," said Miss Dalrymple, "it is wicked to talk thus. This is only a boyish passion—it will soon pass away. I have done wrong, but I meant no harm—I prized your friendship so much. Say you forgive me, and I will always be your true friend."

"I do forgive you, Emily, fully, freely. The fault was mine more than yours—perhaps I was wilfully blind. Come what may, I can never think unkindly of you, my darling—I love you too well for that."

"Then we are friends forever," said the girl, holding out her hand to her lover. "Now, let us return to the shore, for the sky begins to look stormy."

Victor Ainslie pressed the beautiful hand a moment to his lips, then seized the oars and sent the boat flying shoreward. They spoke no word till the boat touched the sands, and they stood on the beach side by side.

"Good-bye!" said Victor, holding out both hands, with a mournful smile on his pallid face.

"You are not going away?" questioned Emily.

"I must. I could not stay in your presence, listen to your sweet voice, and look into those glorious eyes, without forgetting that we are only friends"—here his voice faltered. "Perhaps, if I go away, time may heal my wounded heart a little. But I shall always remember you, Emily—even your friendship is sweeter far than any other woman's love."

"Good-bye, if it must be, Victor. I will pray that you may find a woman worthy of your love."

"I have found her—the one woman in the world for me—and lost her. Good-bye, Emily."

Suddenly Victor caught the girl's form in his arms, and held her for a moment in a close embrace. Then he released her, and strode rapidly away across the beach, never once looking back.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Answers to Correspondents.

PAY YOUR POSTAGE.—Authors and others often send us letters and manuscripts not fully paid. In these cases the Department here enforces *double* rates on the deficiency—which we either have to pay, or to decline receiving the letters or manuscripts. Authors will also bear in mind that the Department now requires letter postage on all manuscripts—therefore it is often cheaper, as it is always safer, to send large packages by express.

W. H. O., (Sumter, S. C.,) writes: "A claims that to say I added to 5 makes 13, is an *arithmetical* mistake. To say that the sun is only 100 miles from the earth, is an *astronomical* mistake. To say 'You and I is going to eat,' is a *grammatical* mistake. B. claims that the expression, 'a grammatical mistake,' is incorrect. Please decide." We think that A is right. If the expression is closely analyzed it would appear more proper to call it "an error in syntax," but the expression given is in common use, without any question as to its correctness, and the usage of writers and cultivated persons is the test by which alone such questions can be decided.

M. S., (Otego, N. Y.,) writes: "In parsing the sentence, 'For cold and still and still are they who wrought thy walls annoy,' what disposition would you make of walls?" We would parse it as governed by the preposition to understood. "Who wrought annoy to thy walls."

INSURANCE (Indiana) writes: "As this is the first time I have troubled you, I hope I may be excused. 1st. Does it ever snow in Persia in Winter, as the climate there is very cold during this season? 2d. What is the climate of Turkey in Asia in Winter? 3d. How long does Summer last in Siberia? 4th. How many men are there in Germany, and what is the ratio to women? Also, how many men there can bear arms? 5th. When are the rainy seasons in India, and how long do they last?" 1st. Yes. The Winter is often severe in northern Persia. 2d. Turkey in Asia covers a wide range of latitude. The Winters are cold in the north, mild in the south. 3d. About three months. 4th. The population is about 38,000,000. We do not know the ratio of men to women. The available army numbers 1,800,000. 5th. In the most of India they occur in the Autumn and part of the Summer. In other localities they occur in Winter and Spring.

L. M. W., (Osceola, Iowa,) writes: "Will you inform me in your correspondence column what was the surname of Queen Victoria before her marriage, and what is it now? Also what was the real name of M. De Lafayette?" Her name, both before and after marriage, was Alexandrina. The full name of Lafayette was Marie Jean Paul Roch Yves Guilbert Motier; his title, Marquis De Lafayette.

R. and R., (Lamberton, N. J.,) writes: "Will you please inform me whether Lotta is married or not, and when and where Lucille Western died? Also when Robert Craig died, and some of the particulars of his death?" So far as we know Lotta is not married. She has been lately reported dead, but there is no truth in the report. Lucille Western was reported to have died in the early part of December, but we believe there was no truth in this either. Robert Craig died in St. Louis on the 9th of December. He was ill but a short time. We have seen no particulars of his illness published.

H. A. W., (Auburn, Ind.,) writes: "I thought I would have to bother you again with a few questions, which I hope you will answer as soon as possible. 1st. When was Negro Slavery first introduced into the United States, and when was it abolished? 2d. Should the voice fall at a colon, the same as it does at a period? 3d. When will my subscription to the Post expire? 4th. What is the pronunciation of the word Hagenbach? 5th. What was the character of King George III. 6th. Do you think that Columbus ever knew that he discovered a new continent. 7th. Why was Columbus sent back to Spain in irons at his third voyage? 8th. How did Pennsylvania get its name?" 1st. The first negro slaves were brought to this country by a Spanish vessel in 1501. In 1517 the trade in slaves was legalized by the Spanish government. Slavery was abolished by President Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation, taking effect on January 1st, 1863. 2d. Not always, though in some cases the sentence might require it. 3d. January 18th. 4th. Probably Ha'-gen-bach. You should have stated whether the word is a proper name or not. 5th. He was very positive and obstinate. In his later years he was occasionally insane. 6th. No. He always considered it part of the continent of Asia. 7th. Complaints were made of his administration, and the commissioner sent out to inquire into them, sent the Admiral home in chains. For this there was no good reason. 8th. It is a manufactured name, meaning Penn's Woods, or Penn's wooded land.

ECONEE, (Gum Swamp, Ind.,) writes: "I wish to ask a few questions, which I hope you will answer. 1st. Is the sun a hot body? The teacher of our school says it is not. 2d. When any one writes an article, and sends it to you, must they sign their real name, and do you put any name you please to it if you publish it?" 1st. The sun is a hot body, your teacher to the contrary notwithstanding. It is known to be far hotter than any artificial heat yet produced on the earth. There is just now a dispute among scientists as to its temperature, and as the numbers vary by some millions of degrees, we will not attempt to give figures. 2d. It is best to give us the real name. Of course in naming an article we are governed by the wishes of the author.

H. D., (Pennsylvania,) says: "Your kindness in answering questions emboldens me to ask two or three. 1st. What are genuine meerschaum pipes made of? 2d. Where are Jeff Davis and Beauregard? 3d. What do you think of my handwriting?" 1st. They are made of a peculiar fine clay, found in several parts of Europe, but principally in Greece and Turkey. 2d. Davis is residing in Memphis, Tenn. We are not aware of Beauregard's present locality. 3d. It needs improvement.

E. C. B. (Brookstown, Iowa,) writes: "Please answer the following questions: 1st. Why is snow white? 2d. When is the sun nearest to the earth, and how near? Is it warm or cold, and why? 3d. What do you mean by buried cities in your riddles? 4th. What do you think of my handwriting?" 1st. The only reason we can give is that it reflects all the colors of the ray of light, the compound of all the colors being white. Ice transmits the whole ray, and is transparent. But snow and pounded ice lose this transparency, and reflect the light. 2d. It is nearest the earth in Winter. The sun is a very hot body, why is not exactly known. 3d. Buried cities are those whose names are buried, as it were, in a sentence relating to something else. 4th. It is not very good.

W. W. (Geneva, Ohio,) writes: "Being a constant reader of your paper, and of an inquisitive turn I wish to ask you a few questions. How would you spell the name Arrie? Should it be spelt thus, Ari, Aerie, Arria, or Aray? I have always spelt it as I first wrote it. It is my wife's name, and there has been quite a dispute about the spelling of it, so we refer it to you. 2d. What do brakemen and conductors on street railways get per month?" Your first spelling is probably as correct as any. It is probably a contraction of Arabella. 2d. Conductors get from 12 to 15 dollars, drivers 9 to 12 per week.

OTTO, (Laurel Hill, La.,) writes: "Please to oblige a subscriber by letting me know, through your correspondents' column, if you can procure for and send to me, and at what price, a book edited by Pierce Egan, by the name of 'Violet; or, The Wonder of Kingwood Chase.'" We can procure it for you. Its price will be $1.50 in paper, $1.75 in cloth.

A. B., (Harper, Iowa,) writes: "How hot must water be to scald hogs? That is, just to have it right to do nice work; for I sometimes get it too hot or too cold." It should be boiling hot. We think you would find it difficult to get boiling water too hot or too cold, as it stands at an invariable temperature of 212 degrees. Any heat above that temperature is carried off in steam. If cooled to a lower temperature it ceases to boil.

[Several letters are held over to be answered in our next.]

RIDDLER.

Charades, Riddles, Problems, etc., must always be accompanied by their answers, or they will not be published.

All who take an interest in this column are respectfully invited to contribute.

ANAGRAMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

CITIES IN THE UNITED STATES.

1. Hull; Vine St.
2. Moi hent.
3. To tell Rick.
4. Veer, star.
5. See, all song.
6. Take Salt.
7. Ill-fed obit.
8. Bore grub.
9. Men, go try Mo.
10. Rest, Capt.
11. I very small.
12. Queer Matt.

Fort Totten, D. T. OAHMEW.

METAGRAM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of four letters, and am a division of the earth.
Change my first, I signify a modified sound.
Change it again, I am a synonym of solitary.
Change it again, I am used for sharpening edged tools.
Change it again, I signify departed.
Change it again, I am a solid body shaped as a sugar-loaf.

Seaboard, N. C. EUGENE.

WORD SQUARES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I.

An Isthmus.
To ruin.
Name of a garden.
Circumference.

II.

Recent.
An animal.
To marry.

T. J. McD.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A certain triangular tract of land contains in area 118 acres and 64 perches; and the three sides thereof are in proportion to each other as 18 is to 20 and to 21. What is the true length of each of its three respective sides? PERCIVAL JEWETT.

ANSWERS TO LAST.

ANAGRAMS—

1. Leavenworth.
2. Baton Rouge.
3. San Francisco.
4. Salt Lake City.
5. Schenectady.
6. Poughkeepsie.
7. Manchester.
8. Corpus Christi.
9. Chattanooga.
10. Galveston.
11. Fort Wayne.
12. Zanesville.
13. Nebraska City.
14. Terre Haute.
15. Fredericksburg.
16. Council Bluffs.
17. San Diego.
18. Logansport.
19. Georgetown.
20. Cumberland.
21. Deer Lodge City.
22. Columbia.
23. La Fayette.
24. Lockport.
25. Grand Rapids.
26. Lawrence.
27. Baltimore.
28. Charleston.

CHARADE—Lock-plate.

RIDDLE—Letters.

ANAGRAMS—

1. Mascarenha.
2. America.
3. Orland.
4. Staffa.
5. Ladrone.
6. Corallium.
7. New Caledonia.
8. Ireland.
9. St. Felix.
10. Southampton.
11. Negropont.
12. Sardinia.

RIDDLE—Lothair. (Lot-hair.)

RECEIPTS.

TO DRESS FOWLS FOR MARKET.—Give no food for twenty-four hours. Instead of wringing or cutting off the neck, stick it with a penknife. If the head is cut off, the skin recedes and looks revolting. Pick them immediately without scalding, and carefully remove all pinfeathers, particularly from the legs and neck. Do not tear the skin in removing the feathers; singe, and then draw the intestines; cut off the head; draw the skin above the neck bone and tie it. Have ready water nearly boiling hot. Rinse out the fowls, wipe them dry, and then plump them, by dripping them two seconds and no more in the hot water, and then immediately into cold (if ice-water so much the better) for the same length of time.

MINCEMEAT.—Two pounds of raisins, three pounds of dry currants, one and a half pounds good lean beef, three pounds of beef suet, two pounds of moist sugar, two ounces of citron, two ounces of candied lemon-peel, two ounces of candied orange-peel, one grated nutmeg, one quart sweet apples, the grated rind of two lemons, the juice of one, and half a pint of best French brandy. Stone the raisins, and cut them once or twice across; wash, dry, and pick the currants; boil the beef till tender, mince it very fine; skin, string, and chop the suet; slice the citron and candied peel; pare, core, and mince the apples, and when all the ingredients are ready, stir them with a wooden paddle in a wooden vessel, till thoroughly mixed; add the brandy, and pack all closely in jars, covered air-tight till used.

ANOTHER WAY.—Take four pounds currants well-picked and cleaned, for they require this to be done carefully; three pounds raisins, stoned and chopped; of finely-chopped beef suet, the lean of a sirloin of beef minced raw, and finely-chopped apples of a solid variety, each three and a half pounds; of citron, lemon peel and orange-peel each half a pound; fine white sugar two pounds; mixed spices an ounce; mix well and put in a deep pan. Mix brandy and white wine to suit the taste, also the juice of four lemons and four oranges; pour half over the mass in the basin, press down tight with the hands, then add the other half and cover closely. Use as you may desire through the Winter.

MINCE PIES.—Butter some patty-pans well, line them evenly with thin puff paste, then fill the pans with mince-meat; moisten the edges of the paste, and close carefully; trim off the paste; make a small opening in the centre of the top crust with the point of a knife. Bake them half an hour in a well-heated, but not fierce oven. It is well to place a piece of white paper over the pies while baking, to prevent them taking too much color.